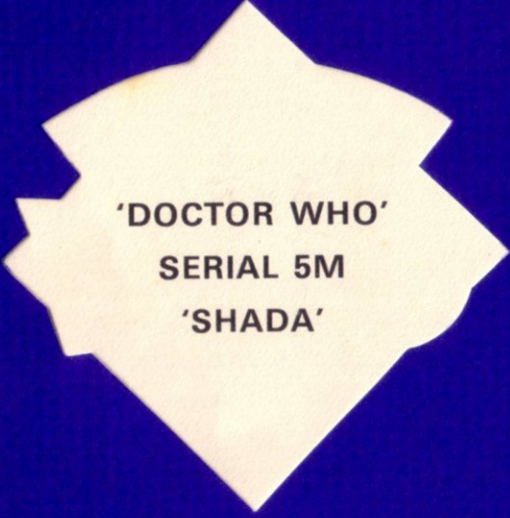




'DOCTOR WHO'
SERIAL 5M
'SHADA'



SHADA

The Six Original Scripts

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'DOCTOR WHO'

SERIAL 5M

'SHADA'

EPISODE ONE

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Make-up Artist	KIM BURNS

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3rd, 4th, 5th	} November
19th & 20th	
1st, 2nd, 3rd	December

- 1/1 -

'DOCTOR WHO' - EPISODE ONE: 'SHADA'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR	+FILM
ROMANA	+FILM
SKAGRA	+FILM
CHRIS PARSONS	+FILM
PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS	
COLLEGE PORTER	FILM ONLY
CAR PASSENGER	FILM ONLY
SHIP	VOICE ONLY
FOUR SCIENTISTS	NON-SPEAKING
KRARG COMMANDER	STUDIO ONLY
PROFESSOR CALDERA	NON-SPEAKING
PASSER-BY	FILM ONLY

SETS:

Int. 'Think Tank' Main Chamber.
Corridor.
Int. Professor's Rooms.
Int. Physics Lab.
Int. Skagras Spacecraft.

TELECINE: (ALL DAY)

Model - Ext. Space Station, etc.
Ext. Cambridge Streets.
Ext. 'Cedd's College', Cantab.
Ext. 'The Backs', Cantab.
Ext. Country Road.
Ext. Country Field.

'DOCTOR WHO'

'SHADA'

EPISODE ONE

SUPOSE CAM: *Opening*
Titles
Sequence:

Model Shot One

1. *Ext. Think Tank Station in space.*

ESTABLISH Think Tank space station in space. It is a purely scientific foundation, therefore utilitarian.

In the background is a star, the size of the sun only red. This is in a totally different galaxy, to our own.

2. *Int. Think Tank Main Chamber.*

(ROUND THE WALLS ARE ARRAYS OF EQUIPMENT TV MONITORS, COMPUTERS, CONTROL CONSOLES.

IN THE CENTRE IS A LARGE WHITE CONE, ABOUT THE HEIGHT OF A MAN.

THE SIDES ARE ABOUT SIXTY DEGREES. RATHER THAN PURELY ROUND, IT IS A

HEXAGONAL FIGURE, WITH EACH OF THE SIX FACES SLIGHTLY RECESSED.

IN EACH OF THESE RECESSES LIES A MAN, EACH DRESSED IN A SORT OF WHITE TRACK SUIT AFFAIR, TO EMPHASISE THEIR IMPERSONALITY.

ON TOP OF THE CONE SITS A MATT BLACK SPHERE, ABOUT EIGHTEEN INCHES IN DIAMETER.

A HUM, FAIRLY QUIET, IS COMING FROM THE EQUIPMENT.

CU A DIGITAL DISPLAY, CLICKING DOWN TO ZERO.

THE CAMERA DOES A CIRCUIT OF THE CONE LOOKING AT EACH MAN'S FACE IN TURN.

ALL THE MEN HAVE THEIR EYES CLOSED, AND TOTALLY EXPRESSIONLESS FACES.

CU THE DISPLAY AS IT REACHES ZERO. THE HUM INCREASES IN INTENSITY.

THE STRAIN SHOWS ON THE FACES OF EACH OF THE MEN.

THEN WE SEE THAT THE FACE OF ONE OF THEM SHOWS NO STRAIN.

THIS IS SKAGRA. HE OPENS HIS EYES AND LOOKS ABOUT WITHOUT MOVING HIS HEAD.

SUDDENLY THE INTENSITY OF THE HUM INCREASES VERY SHARPLY.

TERROR AND ALARM REGISTER ON THE FACES OF ALL THE MEN OTHER THAN SKAGRA.

THEY WRITHE IN THEIR POSITIONS.
THEY PUT THEIR FISTS UP TO THEIR
FOREHEADS. THEY CRY OUT.

SKAGRA SMILES TRIUMPHANTLY. HE
LEAVES HIS PLACE ON THE CONE AND
SURVEYS HIS HANDIWORK.

HE CONSULTS SOME DIALS, SMILING
WITH SATISFACTION.

THE DIGITAL COUNTER KEEPS GOING,
NOW IN THE POSITIVE.

SUDDENLY ALL THE NOISE STOPS
SHARPLY, EXCEPT FOR A THIN
DISTORTED INHUMAN BABBLE EMANATING
FROM THE SPHERE.

THE MEN SLUMP, AND LIE STILL.

WITH BRISK EFFICIENCY HE PERFORMS
CHECKS ON EACH OF THEM.

HE CROSSES TO A COMMUNICATIONS
CONSOLE WHICH FEATURES A VIDEO
SCREEN AND RIPS OUT THE LEADS FROM
ALL THREE MICROPHONES.

HE TAKES FOUR OR FIVE PEGS OR
FUSES FROM THE CONSOLE.

THE VIDEO SCREEN GOES BLANK.

HE PRESSES A BUTTON WHICH SETS OFF
A SERIES OF BLINKING LIGHTS.

HIS VOICE STARTS FROM A SMALL
SPEAKER ON THE CONSOLE.

HE COMES DOWN, TURNS OFF A POWER
SWITCH IN A SMALL FOREGROUND
CONSOLE.

HE HOLDS HIS HAND UP IN A SORT OF
'HOW' GESTURE.

THE SPHERE, WHICH IS TOTALLY
FEATURELESS, RISES OFF THE CONE
AND TRAVELS TOWARDS HIM.

IT COMES TO HIS HANDS OBEDIENTLY.
HE WALKS OUT OF THE CHAMBER.)

SKAGRA: (V.O.) This is a recorded
message. The foundation for the
study of advanced sciences is under
strict quarantine. Do not approach.
Do not approach. Everything is under
our control.

(THE MESSAGE IS A LOOP AND STARTS
AGAIN.)

3. *Int. Think Tank. Corridor.*

(CURVING WHITE WALLED SPACE
STATION CORRIDOR.

SKAGRA CALMLY WALKS ALONG IT.

HE COMES TO A BAY MARKED 'SHUTTLE
CRAFT'.

HE ENTERS IT.)

4. *Int. Think Tank. Main Chamber.*

((Note: Tape Over)

THE FIVE REMAINING MEN STAGGER
AROUND VERY SLOWLY, CLUMSILY, AS
IF THEY SIMPLY DON'T KNOW HOW TO
CONTROL THEIR BODIES.

FOR TWO OF THEM THE EFFORT IS TOO
MUCH AND THEY FALL TO THE GROUND.

THE REMAINDER SEEM NOT TO NOTICE
OR COMPREHEND.

THEY SEEM TO BE UNAWARE OF EACH OTHER OR INDEED OF ANYTHING AT ALL.

THEY ARE IN SHOCK. AS THOUGH THEIR MINDS HAVE GONE.)

MODEL SHOT TWO

5. Ext. Space Station.

Shuttle bay opens, and a sleek space ship slides out. It moves slowly away from the station.

We stay with it as it begins to pick up speed, leaving the space station in the distance.

We hear the tape message in distort.

SKAGRA: (DISTORT) ... Do not approach.

I repeat. Do not approach.

Everything is under our control.

Then, suddenly it puts on a fantastic spurt of speed which distorts our image of it as it shoots away from CAMERA and vanishes into the far distance.

TELECINE 1A:

Ext. Streets of Cambridge. Day.

CHRIS PARSONS is cycling towards St. Cedd's College.

He is about thirty, a post-graduate scientist.

He wears jeans and a denim jacket, likes Bach, Bruckner and Status Quo and his hair is longish because he preferred the Sixties to the Seventies.

TELECINE 1B:

Ext. College. Day.

CHRIS parks his bike outside the College and walks into first court. He pulls a scrap of paper out of his pocket and looks at it - it is the number of the room he is looking for.

He walks on into second court. He stops a PASSER-BY and shows him the room number.

The PASSER-BY points to the staircase in the far left hand corner.

CHRIS goes to it.

END TELECINE

6. Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms in College.

(QUITE LARGE, WITH DARK OAK PANELLING. GENEROUSLY FILLED BOOKSHELVES, TABLES COVERED WITH BOOKS AND FILES OF PAPERS, FURNITURE THAT HAS SEEN BETTER DECADES.

IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM IS PARKED
A LARGE BLUE POLICE BOX.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS IS IN THE ROOM,
THOUGH CLEARLY HE HAS ONLY JUST
COME IN BECAUSE HE IS TAKING OFF
HIS GOWN AND SCARF AND UNPACKING
HIS BATTERED OLD BRIEF-CASE.

HE IS PRETTY ANCIENT, BUT
DISTINGUISHED IN HIS YEARS.

AS HE GOES ABOUT HIS BUSINESS HE
NOTICES THE TARDIS PARKED THERE,
LOOKS AT IT VERY BRIEFLY OVER HIS
HALF MOONS, GIVES A SLIGHT GRUNT
AND THEN IGNORES IT.

HE IS CLEARLY NOT AT ALL PUT OUT
BY IT.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.)

PROFESSOR: Come in.

(PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS POTTERS OFF
TO ANOTHER DOOR LEADING PRESUMABLY
INTO HIS KITCHEN.

HE DOESN'T ACTUALLY LOOK TO SEE
WHO IS COMING IN. IT IS OF COURSE
CHRIS PARSONS.)

(AS HE DISAPPEARS BRIEFLY) Excuse the
muddle. Creative disarray you know.

(CHRIS PARSONS IS SLIGHTLY BEMUSED
BY THIS. HE DOESN'T ACTUALLY KNOW
THE PROFESSOR.

HE STANDS AND WAITS.)

CHRIS: Professor Chronotis?

PROFESSOR: Tea?

CHRIS: Oh, thanks.

PROFESSOR: (ENTERING) Just put the kettle on.

CHRIS: Er, Professor Chronotis, I don't know if you remember, we met at a faculty party a couple of weeks ago. Chris Parsons.

PROFESSOR: Oh yes, yes. Enjoy those faculty dos do you?

CHRIS: Well, you know ...

PROFESSOR: Lot of boring old dons talking away at each other, never listen to a word anybody else says.

CHRIS: Well, yes. You said that ...

PROFESSOR: Talk talk talk. Never listen.

CHRIS: No. well ... I hope I'm not taking up your ... (IE VALUABLE TIME ETC)

PROFESSOR: Time? No no. When you get to my age, you'll find that time doesn't matter too much. Not that I expect you will get to my age.

CHRIS: Oh, really?

PROFESSOR: Yes, I remember saying to the last Master of College but one, young Professor Frencham ... or was it the last but two? May have been three.

CHRIS: (SLIGHTLY SURPRISED) Three?

PROFESSOR: Yes. Nice young chap. Died rather tragically at the age of

ninety. Run over by a coach and pair.

CHRIS: What was it you said to him?

PROFESSOR: Oh, I don't know. Long time ago you know.

CHRIS: (DOUBTFULLY) Yeesssss. Er, Professor when we met, you were kind enough to say that if I dropped round you would lend me some of your books on carbon dating.

PROFESSOR: Oh yes. Happy to. Ah, there's the kettle.

(HE BEGINS TO GO OUT TO THE KITCHEN AGAIN.)

You'll find the books you want at the far right of the bookshelf. Third shelf down.

(HE IS OUT OF THE ROOM BY NOW.

CHRIS PARSONS GOES OVER TO THE BOOKSHELF. ON THE WAY HE LOOKS RATHER ASKANCE AT THE TARDIS.

HE PULLS A BOOK OUT OF THE SHELF THREE DOWN FROM THE TOP.

HE LOOKS AT IT. IT IS CLEARLY NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED, AND IS VERY PUZZLING TO HIM.)

(OFF) Or is it the second shelf down? Second I think. Anyway, take what you like.

(CHRIS PARSONS TAKES A COUPLE OF BOOKS FROM THAT SHELF ALSO, AND NODS WITH SATISFACTION: THIS IS WHAT HE HAD BEEN EXPECTING.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS, OFF:)

Milk?

CHRIS: Oh. Yes please.

PROFESSOR: (OFF) One lump or two?

CHRIS: Two please.

PROFESSOR: (OFF) Sugar?

(THE PROFESSOR COMES BACK IN
CARRYING TWO CUPS.

THE PROFESSOR, CHUCKLING SLIGHTLY
TO HIMSELF:)

Here you are.

(CHRIS PARSONS FEELS HE DOESN'T
WANT TO BE HARRASSED BY THIS MAN'S
ECCENTRICITY ANYMORE.

HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH.)

CHRIS: Oh, actually Professor, I've
just realised I'm going to be late
for a seminar. I'm terribly sorry.
Look, I'll bring these back to you
next week, is that alright?

PROFESSOR: Oh, yes yes. Well, good-bye
then.

CHRIS: Goodbye. Er ... actually
Professor, can I just ask you, where
did you get that?

(HE POINTS AT THE TARDIS.

THE PROFESSOR LOOKS AT IT OVER HIS
HALF MOONS.)

PROFESSOR: That? I don't know. I think
someone must have left it there
whilst I was out.

CHRIS: I'll bring these back as soon
as I ... er ... can ...

(HE GOES OUT.

THE PROFESSOR PUTS DOWN THE TEAS
AND SHRUGS SLIGHTLY TO HIMSELF.

THE PROFESSOR TAKES A BOOK FROM A
PAPER BAG ON THE TABLE.

WE SEE THE TITLE 'THE TIME
MACHINE' 'H.G. WELLS'.)

TELECINE 2.

Ext. The Backs of The Colleges. Day.

ROMANA reclining in a punt.

THE DOCTOR punting with skill, or at
least with great elan.

ROMANA: Doctor, are you sure it's the
right time of year for this sort of
thing?

THE DOCTOR: Well the river's so
crowded in the spring.

ROMANA: Don't make excuses. You
misprogrammed the Tardis. You forgot
to take axial tilt, diurnal rotation
and the orbital parabola into
account. One day you're going to
materialise in the middle of the
ocean.

THE DOCTOR: If I feel like a swim.

ROMANA hugs herself. She's cold.

THE DOCTOR: You know what you want?

ROMANA: A hot drink?

THE DOCTOR: Moral fibre.

ROMANA: I thought this was meant to be fun.

THE DOCTOR: It is if you've got moral fibre.

ROMANA: Don't you think it's time to see if the Professor is back in his room by now?

THE DOCTOR: That's where we're going.

ROMANA: Well can't you make this thing go more quickly?

THE DOCTOR: Of course I can. I could put a dimensional stabiliser on it and dematerialise. But that's not the point.

ROMANA: Then what is the point?

THE DOCTOR: Moral fibre.

ROMANA slumps back resignedly.

THE DOCTOR soldiers on, manfully whistling 'Jolly Boating Weather'.

The punt passes under a bridge. On top of the bridge, looking at them (but not necessarily for better reasons than mere coincidence) is SKAGRA. He has with him a carpet bag, large enough to be concealing the sphere.

We are aware for a moment of the thin babble of inhuman voices again.

We pick up on the punt coming out from the other side of the bridge.

THE DOCTOR, with a puzzled frown:

THE DOCTOR: Did you just hear voices?

ROMANA: I heard something ... Doctor,
please let's go in.

END TELECINE 2.

7. *Int. Chris Parsons' Lab.*

(FULL OF EQUIPMENT, LAB BENCHES.
A CARBON DATING MACHINE, SPECTRO
ANALYSER, X-RAY, BUNSEN BURNER -
THE LOT.

CHRIS ENTERS.

HE PUTS DOWN A LARGE SATCHEL HE
HAS STRUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER. HE
GOES AND CHECKS A COUPLE OF PIECES
OF EQUIPMENT.

THEN HE COMES BACK TO THE SATCHEL
AND PULLS OUT SOME BOOKS.

HE QUICKLY FLIPS THROUGH THE FIRST
COUPLE, AND THEN PULLS OUT A
THIRD.

HE CLICKS HIS TONGUE WITH
ANNOYANCE AT HIMSELF AS HE
REALISES THAT THIS IS THE FIRST
BOOK HE PICKED OFF THE PROFESSOR'S
SHELVES, AND NOT ONE HE WANTED OR
MEANT TO TAKE.

STILL, OUT OF CURIOSITY HE LOOKS
AT IT AGAIN, WITH MANY EXPRESSIONS
OF PUZZLEMENT.

HE IS SURPRISED BY TWO THINGS IN
PARTICULAR: FIRST THE FACT THAT IT

IS PRINTED IN A TOTALLY UNKNOWN ALPHABET, AND SECONDLY THE TEXTURE OF THE PAPER, WHICH FEELS VERY ODD TO HIM. HE RUBS IT BETWEEN HIS FINGERS. HE EVEN SNIFFS IT.)

TELECINE 3.

Ext. College. Day.

THE DOCTOR and ROMANA enter St. Cedd's College.

THE DOCTOR, in the manner of a guide.

THE DOCTOR: St. Cedd's College, Cambridge. Founded in the year something or other, by someone who's name I forget in honour of someone who for the moment escapes me.

ROMANA: St. Cedd?

THE DOCTOR: Do you know I think it very probably was? You should be a historian.

ROMANA: I should be a nursemaid.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, excuse me ...

He has spotted one of the PORTERS sticking something on a notice board outside the PORTER'S lodge.

PORTER: Yes sir?

Half recognises THE DOCTOR.

PORTER: Ah, aren't you Doctor ... er.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, that's right.

PORTER: Took an honorary degree in 1960.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. How kind of you to remember.

PORTER: That's my job.

THE DOCTOR: And you do it splendidly well sir. Tell me, is ...

PORTER: Professor Chronotis in? Yes sir, he returned to his room a few minutes ago.

THE DOCTOR: How did you know I wanted to see Professor Chronotis?

PORTER: That's who you asked to see when you were here in 1964, 1960, and 1955.

THE DOCTOR: Really, is that so? I was also here in 1958.

PORTER: (PUZZLED) Were you sir?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but in a different body.

PORTER: Just as you say sir.

THE DOCTOR: Nice to see you again sir. Come on Romana.

They walk through the college to PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS' staircase.

END TELECINE 3.

8. Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.

(PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS IS SITTING READING.

HE GETS UP AND GOES TO THE KITCHEN.

JUST AS HE GOES OUT, THERE IS A
KNOCK AT THE DOOR.)

PROFESSOR: Come in.

(HE EXITS.

THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA COME IN.)

(OFF) Tea?

THE DOCTOR: Yes please. Two cups.

PROFESSOR: (OFF) Milk?

THE DOCTOR: Yes please.

PROFESSOR: (OFF) One lump or two?

THE DOCTOR: Two please. And two
sugars.

(ROMANA LOOKS AT HIM IN
BEWILDERMENT.

THE PROFESSOR POKES HIS HEAD ROUND
THE CORNER.)

PROFESSOR: Ah! Doctor, how splendid to
see you!

THE DOCTOR: And you Professor. This is
Romana.

PROFESSOR: Ah my child, delighted,
delighted. I've heard so much about
you.

ROMANA: (SURPRISED) Have you?

PROFESSOR: Well, not yet, but I'm
sure I will have done. When Time
Lords get to my age they tend to
get their tenses muddled up. Now
would you have liked some biscuits
too?

TELECINE 4.

Ext. Streets of Cambridge.

We follow SKAGRA walking through the streets of Cambridge.

FAVOUR the bag.

END TELECINE 4.

9. Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.

(DOCTOR, ROMANA AND PROFESSOR AS BEFORE.)

ROMANA: Three hundred years? In the same set of rooms?

PROFESSOR: Yes my dear. Ever since I retired from Gallifrey.

ROMANA: You'd think someone would notice.

PROFESSOR: One of the delights of the older Cambridge Colleges. Everyone is so discreet. Anyway Doctor young fellow. What can I do for you?

THE DOCTOR: What can you do for me? What can *I* do for you? You sent for me.

PROFESSOR: Sent for you?

THE DOCTOR: I got your signal.

PROFESSOR: Signal? What signal?

THE DOCTOR: Romana. Didn't we pick up a signal from the Professor? Would

we come and see him as soon as possible?

ROMANA: Yes. We came straight away.

PROFESSOR: I haven't sent you a signal. But it's very splendid to see you anyway. Why don't you just relax and enjoy yourselves?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but if you didn't send that signal ... who did?

TELECINE 5.

Ext. Gate of St. Cedd's.

The PORTER still busy with his notice board.

SKAGRA arrives. He stands very near the PORTER and looks into the College.

When he talks to the PORTER he speaks very quietly, looks past him rather than at him and behaves with the total arrogance of someone who doesn't even know what arrogance means.

SKAGRA: You.

The PORTER looks round. He does not take kindly to this mode of address.

PORTER: Did you address me sir?

SKAGRA: I want Chronotis.

PORTER: Professor Chronotis?

SKAGRA: Where is he?

PORTER: He will not want to be

disturbed. The Doctor is with him. A very old friend.

The PORTER lays an emphasis on 'friend'.

SKAGRA continues to stare into the middle distance, as if he is about to say something else.

Then, quite abruptly SKAGRA turns and walks off.

The expression on the PORTER's face tells us exactly what he thinks of him.

END TELECINE 5.

10. Int. Chris Parsons' Lab.

(CHRIS HAS JUST SET UP HIS MICROSCOPE.

HE IS NOT CERTAIN THAT HE SHOULD BE DOING THIS, BUT HE PICKS UP THE BOOK, OPENS IT, AND TRIES TO SLICE A SLIVER OF PAGE WITH A RAZOR BLADE.

HE CAN'T CUT THE PAPER.

THIS ASTONISHES HIM.

HE TAKES THE BOOK OVER TO A SPECTROGRAPHIC ANALYSER (IDENTIFY WITH LABEL ON IT 'SPECTROGRAPH').

HE PUTS THE BOOK INTO IT, WITH THE SPINE FOLDED BACK SO THAT ONLY ONE PAGE IS ACTUALLY BEING EXAMINED.

HE TURNS THE SPECTROGRAPH ON.

AFTER HUMMING FOR A FEW MINUTES,
IT EMITS A LOUD BANG FROM INSIDE
AND SMOKE STARTS TO POUR OUT OF
IT.

CHRIS IS HORRIFIED AND RIPS THE
PLUG OUT OF THE WALL.)

*11. Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms. As
Before.*

(THE DOCTOR, ROMANA AND PROFESSOR,
AS BEFORE)

PROFESSOR: Wait!

ROMANA: (STARTLED) What for?

PROFESSOR: I've had an idea about who
might have sent that message.

ROMANA: Who?

PROFESSOR: Me!

THE DOCTOR: But you just said ...

PROFESSOR: I know. Memory's getting a
bit touchy of late. Doesn't like to
be prodded about too much. But my
dear old things, I must have sent it
ages ago.

ROMANA: I said you'd got the time
wrong Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I know, but you're always
saying that.

ROMANA: Well you're always getting the
time wrong.

THE DOCTOR: What was it about
Professor?

PROFESSOR: What was what about?

THE DOCTOR: (PATIENTLY) The message.

PROFESSOR: I don't know. You've seen it more recently than I have.

THE DOCTOR: Was it to do with the voices?

PROFESSOR: What voices?

THE DOCTOR: When we were on the river I heard a strange sound, a sort of babble of inhuman voices. Didn't you Romana?

ROMANA: Yes.

PROFESSOR: Oh just undergraduates talking to each other I expect. I've tried to have it banned, but no.

THE DOCTOR: No, this wasn't something like that, it was ... it was like a lot of people ...

PROFESSOR: Or things ...

THE DOCTOR: Very quietly ...

ROMANA: Screaming ...

PROFESSOR: Overwrought imaginings
Doctor. No, I remember what it was.

(HE BECOMES SLIGHTLY PREOCCUPIED
WITH WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN
UNPLEASANT MEMORY.)

Yes, of course, of course. Delicate matter, slightly. It was about a book ...

(DOCTOR LOOKING ROUND AT THE
HUNDREDS OF BOOKS A FEELING THAT
THIS IS A BIT OF AN ANTICLIMAX.)

THE DOCTOR: A book?

12. *Int. Chris Parsons' Lab. Day.*

(CHRIS NOW HAS THE BOOK UNDER AN OLD X-RAY MACHINE.

HE WATCHES FROM BEHIND THE SHIELD WINDOW AS HE TAKES A PLATE.

THE BOOK STARTS TO GLOW.

HE HASTILY SWITCHES THE MACHINE OFF AND APPROACHES THE BOOK CAREFULLY.

HE IS WEARING A FULL PROTECTIVE APRON AND IT SEEMS MOST ODD THAT HE SHOULD APPEAR ALMOST AFRAID OF THE BOOK.

HE REACHES OUT A HAND TO TOUCH IT, THEN WITHDRAWS AS IF BURNT.)

TELECINE 6.

Ext. Cambridge Streets.

SKAGRA walking down a main road. There are PEOPLE and cars around.

He is looking for a car to steal, but does not wish to be conspicuous.

He passes a small side street, glances up it, sees one solitary car there.

He goes up to the car.

There is A MAN in the passenger seat.

SKAGRA takes no notice of this. He gets into the driver's seat and drives off.

THE PASSENGER gapes in astonishment.

THE PASSENGER: Who are you? What the blazes do you think you're doing?

SKAGRA doesn't take his eyes off the road. With one hand he opens the Doctor's bag.

To THE PASSENGER's astonishment the black sphere floats up out of it.

The thin babble of voices is heard.

The sphere presses itself against THE PASSENGER's forehead.

The babble sound increases sharply for a moment, THE PASSENGER writhes, then stiffens in his seat.

The sphere then detaches itself and sinks back into the bag.

Meanwhile, SKAGRA drives on, unconcerned.

WE ESTABLISH that at that moment SKAGRA is driving past the front of the College.

END TELECINE 6.

13. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.*

(THE PROFESSOR IS UP AT THE BOOKSHELVES. HE HAS JUST TAKEN DOWN A BOOK.

THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA ARE LOOKING SUDDENLY SLIGHTLY ALARMED.

THEY HAVE JUST HEARD THE VOICES AGAIN, THOUGH FAINTLY.)

THE DOCTOR: (HOLDING UP A HAND)
Professor ... !

PROFESSOR: Shhh! ... (HE LISTENS) Did you just hear voices?

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

(HE LOOKS AT ROMANA.)

ROMANA: Yes. Very faint this time.
From ...

THE DOCTOR: Yes?

ROMANA: Inside my head?

PROFESSOR: That's what *I* thought.

THE DOCTOR: Is it anything to do with this book?

PROFESSOR: What? Oh no no no. No that's just a book I ... well accidentally brought from Gallifrey with me, and I thought it was about time it ... er ...

ROMANA: From Gallifrey? You brought it here?

PROFESSOR: Yes, just a few knick knacks you know. And you know how I love my books Doctor.

(THE PROFESSOR IS VERY CAGEY.)

THE DOCTOR: You just said you brought it by accident.

PROFESSOR: An oversight. I overlooked the fact that I decided to bring it. Just for study you know. But as I'm now getting ... very old I thought ...

THE DOCTOR: That perhaps I'd take it back for you.

PROFESSOR: Well now that I'm retired I'm not allowed to have a Tardis.

(IN FACT HE DELIBERATELY DOESN'T SAY THAT HE HASN'T GOT ONE, ONLY THAT HE ISN'T ALLOWED TO HAVE ONE.)

THE DOCTOR: Professor, I hardly like to criticise, but it could be terribly risky to take books from Gallifrey. They could be terribly dangerous in the wrong hands.

(MEANWHILE, THE PROFESSOR HANDS THE DOCTOR A BOOK.)

14. *Int. Chris Parsons' Lab.*

(CHRIS IS ON THE PHONE.)

CHRIS: Keightley? Hey, yes it's Chris. Listen, I've just ... where? Yes, I'm fine. Listen, the most amazing thing. I've got this strange book. It's got a molecular structure unlike anything I've seen. Yes. I said book. It's like nothing on Earth. And I think I mean that literally. Extra-terrestrial. No,

I'm not mad. Listen I've done everything, X-Rays, spectrograph, you name it. You don't have to believe anything till you've seen it yourself. Yeah, come on over. Great. See you soon.

(HE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN.)

15. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.*

(THE DOCTOR READS FROM THE BOOK
THE PROFESSOR HAS HANDED HIM.)

THE DOCTOR: 'And in the Ancient days of Rassilon, five great principles were laid down. Can you guess what those principles were children?'

ROMANA: It's just a Gallifreyan Nursery Book.

(SHE LOOKS AT THE SPINE.)

'Our Planet's Story'. I had that when I was a child.

PROFESSOR: Oh, no no, that's just another momento. Not the right book at all. Now where is it? Is this the one?

(HE PICKS OUT ANOTHER.)

No, not that one. Where is it? I know it's here somewhere.

(HE BEGINS TO SEARCH MORE URGENTLY.)

THE DOCTOR: How many books did you bring for heaven's sake?

PROFESSOR: Oh just the odd one or two. There's only one that's in any way
...

THE DOCTOR: Dangerous?

TELECINE 7.

Ext. Country Road. Day.

SKAGRA driving.

He eventually pulls over and parks the car out of the way off the road.

He walks into what is apparently a totally deserted field.

He then appears to walk up some invisible steps.

As he does so he slowly disappears from the head downwards.

He has entered a spaceship invisible to our eyes.

END TELECINE 7.

16. Int. Professor's Room Again. Day.

(BOOKS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE NOW.
THE PROFESSOR LOOKING AMONGST THEM
ALL FEVERISHLY.

THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA ARE HELPING
HIM BY DISCARDING BOOKS WHICH ARE
OBVIOUSLY NOT THE ONE.)

ROMANA: Well what does it look like?
What's it called.

PROFESSOR: It's the Ancient Law of Gallifrey.

(THIS CAUSES THE DOCTOR TO START WITH AMAZEMENT.)

THE DOCTOR: The Ancient Law of Gallifrey?

PROFESSOR: Er, yes. Red book, about seven by five.

THE DOCTOR: Professor, how did that book get out of the Panopticon Archives?

PROFESSOR: Well, what I did you see is ... well I just took it.

THE DOCTOR: Took it?

PROFESSOR: Well, no one on Gallifrey's that interested in Ancient History anymore. And I thought that ... possibly certain things would be safer with me.

THE DOCTOR: And were they?

PROFESSOR: Well, in principle.

THE DOCTOR: Professor, that book dates back to the days of Rassillon ...

PROFESSOR: (INGENUOUSLY) Does it? Oh, er yes it would do. Yes.

THE DOCTOR: It's one of the artifacts.

PROFESSOR: Is it? Indeed.

THE DOCTOR: Oh come on Professor, you know that perfectly well. And you also know perfectly well that Rassillon had secrets and powers that even we don't fully understand.

You've no idea what might be hidden in that book.

PROFESSOR: Well there's not much chance of anyone else understanding it then is there?

THE DOCTOR: I hope you're right. I think we'd better find it.

(THEY LOOK AGAIN.)

17. *Int. Skagra's Spacecraft.*

(THE INTERIOR OF THE SHIP REFLECTS THE SLEEK AND DEADLY EXTERIOR - COMFORTABLE IN A SPARTAN WAY.

SKAGRA PAUSES IN ABSOLUTE STILLNESS FOR A FEW MOMENTS.

WHEN HE SPEAKS WE WILL REALISE THAT THERE IS NO OTHER BEING PRESENT FOR THE RESPONSE, WHEN IT COMES, IS FROM THE ENTITY OF THE WHOLE SHIP ITSELF - A WOMAN'S VOICE.)

SKAGRA: Feed me!

(BY HIS SIDE A BEAUTIFULLY PREPARED SERVING TROLLEY LADEN WITH EQUALLY DELIGHTFUL FOOD APPEARS.

SKAGRA SITS IN ONE OF THE LOUNGERS.)

Rest me.

(SKAGRA'S HEAD IS BATHED IN A GENTLE AURA FOR A FEW MOMENTS. THE AURA DISAPPEARS.

SKAGRA OPENS HIS EYES, REFRESHED

AND REVITALISED. HE TAKES
SOMETHING FROM THE TROLLEY AND
BEGINS TO EAT.)

SKAGRA: I have confirmed the location
of the book. It shall soon be mine.

SHIP: Congratulations my Lord.

SKAGRA: Tell me of the one called 'The
Doctor'.

(A SCREEN ON THE WALL, A
BEWILDERING AND, TO US,
UNINTELLIGIBLE RAPID SERIES OF
IMAGES.

B.C.U. SKAGRA'S FACE. HE IS
BLINKING VERY FAST, ASSIMILATING
THE MATERIAL.

THE PROCESS STOPS.)

He has no more power than the others.
Only one has the power I seek, and
when I have the book that power shall
be mine. Get me the carrier ship.

(THE SCREEN FLICKERS AND RESOLVES
INTO A NEW IMAGE.

BEFORE IT RESOLVES WE RESUME ON
SKAGRA'S FACE.)

All goes well, I shall be with you very
soon, and then let the Universe
prepare itself for me!

(C.U. THE SCREEN.

ON IT IS THE FACE OF THE KRARG
COMMANDER, A FACE WHICH SEEMS TO
BE COMPOSED OF LUMPS OF COAL WITH
BURNING EYES.)

KRARG COMMANDER: Everything is ready
my Lord.

SUPOSE CAM: *Roll*

End

Credits:

FADE OUT

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REWRITE: 10/9/79

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'DOCTOR WHO'

SERIAL 5M

'SHADA'

EPISODE TWO

Producer	GRAHAM WILLIAMS
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1st, 2nd, 3rd	December

- 35/2 -

'DOCTOR WHO' - EPISODE TWO: 'SHADA'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR	+FILM
ROMANA	
K9	
PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS	
CHRIS PARSONS	+FILM
KEIGHTLY	
SKAGRA	+FILM
SHIP	VOICE ONLY
COLLEGE PORTER	+FILM

SETS:

Int. Professor's Room.
Int. Physics Lab.
Int. Skagra's Spacecraft.
Int. Tardis Main Control.

LOCATIONS:

Ext. Field. (Day)
Ext. Streets. (Day & Night)
Ext. College. (Day & Night)
Ext. Physics Lab. (Day & Night)

'DOCTOR WHO'

'SHADA'

EPISODE TWO

SUPOSE CAM: *Opening
Titles*

1. *Int. Professor's Room.*

(THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA SITTING
AMIDST THE CHAOS OF BOOKS.

THE PROFESSOR IS IN THE KITCHEN,
MAKING THE INEVITABLE CUP OF TEA.

THEY LOOK AT A FEW LAST TITLES.)

ROMANA: Dictionary.

THE DOCTOR: British Book of Wild
Birds.

ROMANA: Alternative Betelgeuse.

THE DOCTOR: The Time Machine.

ROMANA: Chariots of the Gods.

(SHE FLINGS IT AWAY IN DISGUST.)

THE DOCTOR: No Ancient Law of
Gallifrey.

ROMANA: Do you really think it is
important.

THE DOCTOR: It's one of the artifacts of Rassilon.

ROMANA: But other than its historical value.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Each of the artifacts was imbued with some power. The meanings of most of them have been lost, but the power remains. And the rituals.

ROMANA: I just mouthed the words like everyone else -

THE DOCTOR: What words?

ROMANA: At the Time Academy Induction Ceremony - you know - 'I swear to protect the Ancient Law of Gallifrey -

THE DOCTOR: 'With all my might and

ROMANA: main and to the end of my
(Tog:) days I will with justice
and with honour temper my
actions and my thoughts -'

THE DOCTOR: Pompous lot. All words, no actions.

ROMANA: My history books always made the old days sound very exciting. I loved the stories about Salyavin.

THE DOCTOR: Salyavin! Ah yes, he was my hero when I was a boy.

ROMANA: Really Doctor? A great criminal your hero?

THE DOCTOR: Well, criminal yes, but such style, such flair. Bit like me in that respect.

ROMANA: Did you ever meet him?

THE DOCTOR: No no. He was imprisoned before I was born.

ROMANA: Where?

THE DOCTOR: I've no idea. (HE CALLS OUT) Professor!

PROFESSOR: (OOV) Yes?

THE DOCTOR: Salyavin was a contemporary of yours wasn't he? Do you know where he was imprisoned?

(CRASH HEARD FROM THE KITCHEN.

THE PROFESSOR HURRIES IN EXCITEDLY.)

PROFESSOR: I've just remembered!

THE DOCTOR: We only just asked you.

PROFESSOR: What?

THE DOCTOR: Where Salyavin was imprisoned?

PROFESSOR: Salyavin? I'm not talking about Salyavin. Good riddance to him. We must find the book.

THE DOCTOR: What do you think we're looking for.

PROFESSOR: But I've just remembered. There was a young man here earlier. Came to borrow some books. He took them whilst I was out of the room making tea. He might have taken it.

THE DOCTOR: Who was he Professor?

PROFESSOR: Ah! If only I could remember, Oh dear, I've got a memory like a ... oh dear, what is it I've got a memory like? What's that thing you drain rice in?

THE DOCTOR: What was his name?

PROFESSOR: Um. Ah. Ermm ...

ROMANA: Was he old? Young? Tall?
Short?

PROFESSOR: I remember! Sieve! That's
what it is. I've got a memory like a
sieve.

THE DOCTOR: Professor! Who took the
book!!

PROFESSOR: Ah, I don't remember his
name.

ROMANA: Please try.

PROFESSOR: Alright. A... No, it didn't
begin with A. B? No. C?

2. Int. Chris's Lab. Day.

(CHRIS AND CLARE.

CLARE HAS THE BOOK IN HER HAND.)

CLARE: Feels like paper, smells like
paper, doesn't behave like paper.
Plastic?

CHRIS: Not a single polymer in sight.

CLARE: Metal?

CHRIS: No crystalline structure
whatsoever.

CLARE: Crystal?

CHRIS: If it is, our Mr. Dalton's got
a lot of explaining to do. That's
what I mean. Yes I think it is a
crystal, no it can't be a crystal.
Half of it's stable all the time,
half of it none of the time. It

behaves like a super-conductor one minute and blows up my equipment the next.

CLARE: What's it about?

CHRIS: What?

CLARE: The book. What's it about?

CHRIS: Well I don't know, do I? Reads like a cross between Chinese and algebra.

CLARE: Why don't you ask old whatisname.

CHRIS: Well that's the brooms thing to do I suppose.

CLARE: Is that why you haven't done it yet?

(CHRIS GRINS.

HE GETS HIS COAT.

CLARE FILLS THE KETTLE AT THE SINK.)

CHRIS: Make yourself at home.

CLARE: (CHEERFULLY) Thanks.

(CHRIS LEAVES.)

3. *Int. Professor's room. Day.*

(AS BEFORE.)

PROFESSOR: M ... N ... O ...

(AFTER EACH LETTER HE GIVES A PAUSE, THEN SHAKES HIS HEAD AS HE GOES ON TO THE NEXT.)

P... Parsons, Christopher born 1951 graduated 1975 Honours Degree in

Chemistry currently engaged on
Post Graduate studies in Sigma
Particles -

THE DOCTOR: (GENTLY) Where is he
now?

PROFESSOR: Physics lab, I should
think. Turn left at -

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I know. And be
careful crossing the street,
certainly. I'll be back in two
minutes or so.

(HE CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

ROMANA GOES WITH HIM.)

(QUIETLY): If I'm not back in an hour,
both of you get in the Tardis and lock
the doors. Put out an All Frequencies
Alarm and wait for the cavalry.

ROMANA: Cavalry?

THE DOCTOR: Never mind.

(HE GOES.)

PROFESSOR: More tea, my dear?

ROMANA: Lovely. Two lumps, no sugar.

PROFESSOR: (KINDLY) Don't worry, he'll
be alright.

4. *Int. Skagra's Spaceship.*

(AS THE EXTERIOR INDICATED, THE
SPACECRAFT IS ULTRA FAST, SLEEK AND
DEADLY. THE INTERIOR IS IN THE SAME
STYLE, COMFORTABLE BUT SPARTAN.

SKAGRA ENTERS FROM A BULKHEAD
DOOR. HE IS PUTTING HIS TIE ON AND

DOES NOT NEED A MIRROR TO DO SO.
HE PUTS THE JACKET ON.)

SKAGRA: My appearance?

(HE APPEARS TO BE ADDRESSING
SOMEONE. NO-ONE IS THERE. NO
TRICKERY WITH INVISIBLE BEINGS -
THE WHOLE SHIP RESPONDS AS AN
ENTITY IN ITSELF.)

SHIP: Perfectly correct in every
detail, my lord.

SKAGRA: I am going to retrieve the
book. I shall return immediately.

SHIP: Very well, my lord.

SKAGRA: Have you disposed of the
carriage?

SHIP: As you directed, my lord.

(SKAGRA TAKES THE DOCTOR'S BAG
CONTAINING THE SPHERE AND LEAVES.
THE EXIT DOOR OF COURSE OPENS
OBEDIENTLY AHEAD OF HIM.)

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Field. Day.

SKAGRA appears in reverse order from
his entry into his spaceship and walks
towards his car.

Ext. Cambridge Streets. Day.

THE DOCTOR walking briskly along.

CHRIS walking briskly along. Both from
opposite directions.

At one point the DOCTOR actually steps aside to allow CHRIS to pass.

They do not, of course, recognise each other.

Ext. Porter's Lodge. Day.

SKAGRA approaches. The same unsympathetic PORTER is there.

SKAGRA: Is the Professor alone now?

PORTER: (Punctiliously) The Doctor left a short time ago, sir.

SKAGRA goes on his way towards the Professor's room without another word.

5. Int. Professor's rooms. Late Afternoon.

(PROFESSOR COMING OUT OF KITCHEN.)

PROFESSOR: Oh dear.

ROMANA: What's the matter?

PROFESSOR: I've run out of milk.

ROMANA: I think that's the least of our problems.

PROFESSOR: I feel so stupid about losing that book.

ROMANA: We'll find it.

PROFESSOR: I hope so. I do hope so. You're shivering, are you cold?

ROMANA: No. It's just a feeling. The sound of those voices unnerved me.

PROFESSOR: A cup of tea will make you

feel better. Ah - no milk of course.
I'll just pop out and get some.

ROMANA: I don't think that's a very
good idea Professor.

PROFESSOR: Why not? It's the only way
I know of getting milk. Short of
keeping a cow.

ROMANA: We've got plenty.

(SHE INDICATES THE TARDIS.)

PROFESSOR: Oh yes, of course.
Splendid.

(ROMANA GOES TOWARDS AND IS ABOUT
TO ENTER THE TARDIS.)

Type forty isn't it? First came out
when I was a boy you know. That'll
give you an idea of how old I am.

ROMANA: I won't be a moment.

PROFESSOR: Yes you will. One of the
main complaints about the type forty
was that its kitchens were an
intolerable distance from the
control chamber.

ROMANA: I've hardly known the Doctor
use them anyway.

(ROMANA SMILES AT HIM AND GOES
INTO THE TARDIS.

THE PROFESSOR EXAMINES THE TARDIS,
REMINISCING TO HIMSELF.)

PROFESSOR: Salyavin. Yes. Good
riddance to him. Good riddance. Pah!
Undergraduates.

(THIS LAST IS IN RESPONSE TO THE
BABBLE OF VOICES WHICH IS NOW
AUDIBLE OUTSIDE THE ROOM.

THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.)

Come in!

(HE AUTOMATICALLY HEADS TOWARDS
THE KITCHEN AS PER USUAL.

AS SKAGRA ENTERS CARRYING HIS
BLACK BAG.)

(OFF) Have to be lemon tea I'm afraid.
No milk at the moment. Girl's gone
to get some.

(THE BABBLE OF VOICES GETS RATHER
LOUDER AS SKAGRA UNCLIPS HIS BAG.)

How many of there are you for heaven
sake? I haven't got many cups.

(SKAGRA REMAINS IMPASSIVE.

NOT GETTING ANY REPLY, THE
PROFESSOR RE-ENTERS. HE IS SLIGHTLY
CHILLED BY SKAGRA'S PRESENCE.)

SKAGRA: Professor Chronotis.

PROFESSOR: Who are you?

SKAGRA: I have come for the book.

PROFESSOR: Book? What book?

SKAGRA: You know what book. The Book.

PROFESSOR: I don't know what you're
talking about. I don't have any
book. That is I have lots of books.
What book do you want?

SKAGRA: The book you took from the
Panopticon Archives.

PROFESSOR: What do you know of the
Panopticon?

SKAGRA: The Book Professor! You are to
give it to me.

PROFESSOR: On whose instructions?

SKAGRA: Mine Professor.

PROFESSOR: Who are you?

SKAGRA: My name does not concern you.
Give me the book.

PROFESSOR: I don't know where it is.

SKAGRA: If you will not give me the
information voluntarily I will ...
deduct it from you. I am sure there
is much else in your mind that will
be of interest to me.

(HE HOLDS OPEN THE BAG.

THE BLACK SPHERE FLOATS UP OUT OF
IT.

IT BEARS DOWN ON THE PROFESSOR.)

PROFESSOR: What are you doing? No ...
No!

(THE SPHERE ATTACHES ITSELF TO THE
PROFESSOR'S FOREHEAD.

TOGETHER THEY COLLAPSE.)

SKAGRA: Do not fight it Professor. Do
not fight it or you will die!

TELECINE 2:

*Ext. Physics Lab. Cambridge. Early
Evening.*

THE DOCTOR approaches the Physics
laboratories.

He enters.

END TELECINE 2.

6. *Int. Door Leading Into Chris Parsons' Laboratory.*

(THE DOCTOR KNOCKS ON THE DOOR AND ENTERS.)

7. *Int. Chris Parsons' Laboratory.*

(CLARE IS THERE WORKING WITH THE EQUIPMENT.)

THE DOCTOR: Hello. I'm looking for Chris Parsons.

CLARE: You've just missed him I'm afraid.

(SHE HAS THE BOOK BESIDE HER.)

THE DOCTOR: Aha.

CLARE: Can I give him a message?

THE DOCTOR: This isn't yours.

CLARE: No. It is yours?

THE DOCTOR: It belongs to some friends of mine.

CLARE: Strange book.

THE DOCTOR: Strange friends. And careless. Strangely careless. Why did you take it?

CLARE: I didn't.

THE DOCTOR: I know.

CLARE: Look, what is all this about?

THE DOCTOR: What's what about?

CLARE: This book.

THE DOCTOR: Have you read it?

CLARE: Hardly. The writing looks more

like an explosion in a spaghetti tree.

THE DOCTOR: (SLIGHTLY TAKEN ABACK)
Like what?

CLARE: Where does it come from? What's it made of? Why did it make the spectrograph blow up?

THE DOCTOR: It did that?

CLARE: Yes.

(THE DOCTOR STARES AT IT. THEN BACK TO CLARE.)

THE DOCTOR: Hello, I'm the Doctor.
You're ...?

CLARE: Clare. Clare Keightley.

THE DOCTOR: Can I have a look at your spectrograph?

8. Int. Tardis. Main Control.

(ROMANA ENTERS FROM ANOTHER CHAMBER, CARRYING A BOTTLE OF MILK. SHE WALKS STRAIGHT TO THE CONSOLE AND STARTS TO OPEN THE DOORS. THEN SHE CHANGES HER MIND.)

ROMANA: K9?

(K9 COMES INTO VIEW.)

K9: Mistress?

ROMANA: Do you want to come out and be useful? This doesn't seem to be just a social visit after all.

K9: Affirmative Mistress. My function is to assist you.

ROMANA: Well you can tell me how old this milk is for a start.

K9: (SNIFFING THE BOTTLE) It has been in the stasis preserver for only thirty years. It is perfectly fresh.

ROMANA: Good. Come on, I'll introduce you to the Professor.

9. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.*

(SKAGRA HAS GONE.

THE PROFESSOR IS LYING APPARENTLY DEAD ON THE GROUND.

THE ROOM IS IN A FAR GREATER MESS THAN BEFORE.

ROMANA AND K9 COME OUT OF THE TARDIS. THE PROFESSOR ISN'T IN THEIR IMMEDIATE LINE OF VISION.

ROMANA TURNS TO CLOSE THE TARDIS BEFORE SCENE HAS CHANCE TO SINK IN.)

ROMANA: I've got the milk!

(SHE TURNS AND REGISTERS THE SCENE.)

Professor!

(SHE STOOPS DOWN BESIDE HIM TO EXAMINE HIM.

THERE COMES A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

SHE LOOKS UP IN ALARM.)

ROMANA: (ANXIOUSLY) Who is it?

(ENTER CHRIS PARSONS.)

CHRIS: It's me. I just came back to ...

(THE SCENE REGISTERS.)

What's happened? Is he alright?

ROMANA: I don't know. I think he's dead.

K9: Negative Mistress. He is alive but he is in a deep coma.

CHRIS: But what's happened to him?

K9: Processing data.

ROMANA: (TO CHRIS) Do you know him?

CHRIS: Hardly at all. He just lent me a book.

ROMANA: A book! That's what we've been looking for! Are you whatsisname, Chris Parsons?

CHRIS: Yes.

ROMANA: Have you got it - the book?

CHRIS: No. I left it back at the Lab. I couldn't understand -

ROMANA: Isn't the Doctor with you?

CHRIS: Well I didn't know the Professor was ill.

ROMANA: No, *the* Doctor.

(CHRIS LOOKS PUZZLED.)

K9: Mistress. The Professor has been subjected to psycho active extraction.

ROMANA: Will he be alright?

K9: Physical prognosis fair. Psycho prognosis uncertain.

CHRIS: Is that a robot dog?

ROMANA: Yes.

CHRIS: Neat.

(ROMANA IS SLIGHTLY PUT OUT BY THE
FACT THAT CHRIS ISN'T MORE
ASTONISHED.)

ROMANA: K9, you said psycho active
extraction?

K9: Affirmative Mistress. Someone has
stolen part of his mind.

CHRIS: *What* did your dog say?

K9: Part of his mind has been stolen.
His attempts to resist have caused
severe cerebral trauma. He is
weakening fast.

CHRIS: Is this all for real?

ROMANA: Do you want to be useful?

CHRIS: Well, if I can.

ROMANA: Go and get the medical kit out
of the Tardis.

CHRIS: The ...?

ROMANA: Over there. Go in, first door
on the left, down the corridor,
second door on the right, large
white cupboard opposite the door,
metal case top shelf.

(CHRIS BOGGLES.)

CHRIS: I thought you were pointing at
the Police box.

ROMANA: I was.

CHRIS: But ...

ROMANA: Please get it.

(CHRIS SHAKING HIS HEAD GOES OVER
TO THE TARDIS, PUSHES THE DOOR
OPEN AND STEPS IN.

HE INSTANTLY STEPS OUT AGAIN,
BOGGLING HE LOOKS ROUND THE SIDES
OF THE TARDIS.)

Hurry up!

(HE RE-ENTERS.)

Professor? Can you hear me?

Professor?

K9: Mistress. His mind has gone.

ROMANA: You just said part of it.

K9: Affirmative. The part that is left
is totally inert.

ROMANA: Professor!

K9: No response Mistress.

(CHRIS STEPS OUT OF THE TARDIS
WITH THE MEDICAL KIT.)

CHRIS: How do you ... have you got a
patent for that thing?

ROMANA: Have you got the kit?

CHRIS: Here.

(SHE OPENS THE CASE AND TAKES OUT
A SORT OF COLLAR TYPE AFFAIR THAT
SHE PUTS ROUND THE PROFESSOR'S
NECK. LIGHTS FLASH ACROSS IT.)

What are you doing to him?

ROMANA: He's breathing and his heart's
beating so his autonomic brain is
still functioning. This collar can
take over those functions and leave
his autonomic brain free.

CHRIS: What good'll that do?

ROMANA: He should be able to think
with it.

CHRIS: Think with his autonomic brain?
The human brain doesn't work like
that. The different functions are
...

ROMANA: The Professor isn't human.

CHRIS: Ah.

10. *Int. Chris Parsons' Lab. Evening.*

(THE DOCTOR IS EXAMINING THE
DAMAGED SPECTROGRAPH.

CLARE HOVERING ROUND HIM.)

THE DOCTOR: The Book must have stored
up vast amounts of sub atomic energy
and suddenly released them when the
machine was activated. Does anything
strike you about that?

CLARE: What?

THE DOCTOR: It's a very odd way for a
book to behave.

(HE PICKS UP THE BOOK AND EXAMINES
IT.)

CLARE: I would have thought that was
obvious.

THE DOCTOR: Never underestimate the
obvious.

CLARE: But what does that tell us?

THE DOCTOR: Nothing. Obviously.

CLARE: Well?

THE DOCTOR: So obviously it was meant
to tell us nothing. Exactly the
opposite function of a book.
Therefore ...

11. *Int. Skagra's Ship.*

(SKAGRA IN FRONT OF THE SCREEN.
NEXT TO THE SCREEN IS A SMALL
VERSION OF THE CONE FROM THE
BEGINNING OF EPISODE ONE. THE
SPHERE IS SITTING ON TOP OF IT.)

SKAGRA: Playback!

(ON THE SCREEN WE SEE PROFESSOR'S
POV OF SKAGRA FROM THEIR
CONFRONTATION.)

Further back.

(THE PICTURE DISTORTS AND IS
REPLACED BY A PROFESSOR'S POV OF
THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA IN HIS ROOM.
THE PICTURE IS LARGELY CLEAR, BUT
THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA ARE HEAVILY
BLURRED AND DISTORTED.

THEIR FACES ARE UNRECOGNISABLE.

SKAGRA ANNOYED BY THIS.)

Trace memories of the Book.

(WE SEE THE POINT AT WHICH CHRIS
PARSONS FIRST CAME INTO THE ROOM,
BUT THE PICTURE OF CHRIS IS
TOTALLY OBLITERATED.)

He had great mind control. Find any
trace of the book at all!

(THE PICTURE BEGINS TO BREAK UP
COMPLETELY.)

A brave man. The effort will almost
certainly prove fatal.

12. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.*

(AS BEFORE.)

ROMANA: The collar is functioning. Is there any trace of conscious thought in his mind K9?

K9: Too early to tell mistress.
Another few seconds.

CHRIS: Good.

ROMANA: What do you mean good?

CHRIS: When you work as a scientist you don't always know where you're going, or that there is even anywhere to go, that there aren't going to be big doors that stay permanently shut to you. But I look at all this stuff of yours and I know that a lot of things that seem impossible are possible. So good. I take it that you're ...

ROMANA: Romana.

CHRIS: No, I meant that you're ... not from Earth.

K9: Mistress. The Professor's condition is rapidly deteriorating.

ROMANA: Isn't there anything we can do?

K9: Negative Mistress, the condition is terminal.

ROMANA: But is he thinking? Can he hear us?

K9: There is very slight conscious thought taking place.

ROMANA: Can he talk?

K9: Negative. The speech centres of the brain are inoperative.

CHRIS: Well your collar was a nice idea but ...

ROMANA: Shhh!! Wait a minute.

(SHE PUTS HER HEAD DOWN ON THE PROFESSOR'S CHEST.)

K9, can you amplify his heart beat?

K9: Affirmative Mistress.

(HE PUTS HIS PROBE ON THE PROFESSOR'S CHEST. WE HEAR HIS HEART BEAT.

IT IS QUITE FAST AND VERY IRREGULAR.)

ROMANA: Brilliant!

CHRIS: What?

ROMANA: The Professor is a brave and clever man. Listen.

CHRIS: I don't understand.

ROMANA: He can't talk, but he's interfering with the collar. He's beating his heart in Gallifreyan morse! I can hear you Professor. What do you want to tell us?

(THE HEART BEATS PAUSE VERY BRIEFLY, THEN START AGAIN.

ROMANA SPELLS IT OUT TO HERSELF.)

'Beware ... the ... sphere ... Beware ... Skagra ... Beware ... Shada ...'

(THE BEATS GRIND TO A HALT.)

K9: He is dying Mistress.

ROMANA: Professor!

K9: All life function has now ceased
mistress. The Professor is dead.

TELECINE 3:

*Ext. A deserted back street in
Cambridge. Night.*

THE DOCTOR is hurrying along clutching
the book. He becomes aware of the sound
of the thin babble of voices.

He looks around apprehensively. He
turns a corner.

There, standing in the pool of light
beneath a street light is SKAGRA. The
bag is beside him on the ground. He
holds the sphere in front of him in one
hand.

THE DOCTOR stops.

THE DOCTOR quickly slips his hand with
the book under his coat.

SKAGRA: Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: (NERVOUSLY) Yes, who are
you?

SKAGRA: I am Skagra. I am the one who
wants the Book.

THE DOCTOR: Ah well, you can't have it
I'm afraid. I've hidden it.

SKAGRA: (MOCKINGLY) Hidden it?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. I will be taking it
to a place of safety.

SKAGRA: Where?

THE DOCTOR: Oh just a little place I
have in mind.

SKAGRA: Doctor, you will give to me
everything you have in your mind ...
Your mind shall be mine!

The sphere rises and floats towards
THE DOCTOR unhurriedly.

THE DOCTOR backs away. The sphere
continues towards him. THE DOCTOR
turns. He starts to run. The sphere
moves after him at the same pace,
inexorably.

Sequence as directed, down deserted
streets. However THE DOCTOR twists and
turns, the sphere is there behind him.

The sphere is simply allowing him to
exhaust himself.

At one point, halfway through the chase,
THE DOCTOR stumbles, causing him to drop
the book. He doesn't realise this till
he has gone on a few more paces. He
glances back, sees it, and for a moment
debates with himself going back to get
it, but the sphere presses on implacably
after him. He has to continue running.

After he has passed into a new street
we cut back to see SKAGRA picking up
the book with a quiet smile of triumph.

THE DOCTOR, attempting to shake off the
pursuing sphere turns into a small
street.

It turns out to be a blind alley.

He runs to the end. There is no other way out.

He makes a hopeless attempt to scale the high wall at the end.

He drops down again, and turns to face the on-coming sphere.

END TELECINE 3.

SUPOSE CAM: *End*

Credits:

FADE OUT

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PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script
BBC-1 - Colour

Project No: 02349/2803
Insert No: 02349/9053

'DOCTOR WHO'

SERIAL 5M

'SHADA'

EPISODE THREE

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Director	PENNANT ROBERTS
Designer	VIC MEREDITH
Script Editor	DOUGLAS ADAMS
P.U.M.	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
P.A.	RALPH WILTON
A.F.M.	VALERIE McCRIMMON
Assistant	OLIVIA BAZALGETTE
Costume Designer	RUPERT JARVIS
Make-up Artist	KIM BURNS

FILMING: 15th - 19th October, 1979

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: T.B.C.

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING:

3rd, 4th, 5th	} November
19th & 20th	
1st, 2nd, 3rd	December

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(Cambridge), 22nd October, 1979
(Television Film Studios, Ealing)

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25th October - 30th November
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TRANSMISSION:

Saturday, 2nd February, 1980

'DOCTOR WHO' - EPISODE THREE: 'SHADA'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR

ROMANA

K9

CHRIS PARSONS

SKAGRA

SHIP VOICE ONLY

OLD MAN ON BICYCLE NS, FILM ONLY

SETS:

Int. Tardis.

Int. Skagra's Spacecraft.

Main Control.

Corridor.

Brig.

LOCATIONS:

Ext. Cambridge Street. (Night)

Ext. Countryside. (Day)

Ext. Meadow. (Day)

'DOCTOR WHO'

'SHADA'

EPISODE THREE

SUPOSE CAM: *Opening*
Titles:

(REPRISE EPISODE TWO:
CONFRONTATION WITH SKAGRA. THE
DOCTOR PURSUED BY THE SPHERE.)

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Cambridge Streets. Night. (Blind Alley)

Having tried to scale the wall and failed, THE DOCTOR turns to face the sphere, even the entirely featureless sphere seems to be gloating in its approach.

The familiar sound of the Tardis materialising both baffles and dismays it, as the TARDIS appears between it and its prey. The Tardis door opens and ROMANA'S voice calls out:

ROMANA: Doctor! Hurry!

THE DOCTOR hurls himself into the

Tardis and the door slams shut. The Tardis dematerialises, leaving the sphere hovering.

After a few moments of moving like a vicious animal losing the scent, the sphere moves off in the direction from which it came.

END TELECINE 1.

1. Int. Tardis.

(THE DOCTOR, ROMANA, AND K9)

THE DOCTOR: Romana, thank you, thank you very much, thank you so much
...

(HE RUNS, UNDERSTANDABLY OUT OF STEAM.)

K9, you took your time.

ROMANA: It was K9 who traced you. He picked up that voice babble.

THE DOCTOR: (BRUSHING THIS ASIDE)
Romana, we've got to get the book back.

ROMANA: I thought that's where ...

THE DOCTOR: I dropped it.

ROMANA: Dropped it!

THE DOCTOR: (FIERCELY) Yes, dropped it! What was that thing chasing me?

K9: Unidentified, Master. Origin unknown.

ROMANA: All we know is it attacked the Professor ...

THE DOCTOR: The Professor ... how is he?

(ROMANA CAN'T REPLY FOR A MOMENT.)

How is he?

K9: The Professor's life is terminated, Master.

THE DOCTOR: (HORRORSTRUCK) Dead!

ROMANA: We think that thing stole his mind. The sphere.

THE DOCTOR: When did this happen?

ROMANA: Just when ...

THE DOCTOR: I thought you were meant to be looking after him.

ROMANA: I had just gone back into the Tardis.

THE DOCTOR: Why?

ROMANA: (BRAVING IT) I had just gone back into the Tardis for some milk.

THE DOCTOR: For some milk.

ROMANA: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: I see.

ROMANA: Well otherwise he was ... going out to get some himself.

THE DOCTOR: You needn't explain.

(THE DOCTOR TAKES OVER THE TARDIS CONTROLS.)

1A. *Int. Chris Parsons' Lab. Night.*

(CLARE IS SITTING IN A CHAIR. SHE HAS FALLEN ASLEEP OVER A BENCH.)

THE TELETEXT ATTACHED TO THE X-RAY MACHINE SUDDENLY CHATTERS INTO LIFE AGAIN.

IT DISTURBS HER SLEEP, BUT DOESN'T WAKE HER UP.)

2. Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.

(CHRIS IS FRETFULLY WATCHING OVER THE PROFESSOR'S BODY.

HE IS WORRIED BY THE PROFESSOR'S EYES WHICH ARE STILL OPEN.

HE BENDS OVER TO CLOSE THEM.

HIS HAND PASSES RIGHT THROUGH THE PROFESSOR'S BODY.

CHRIS GASPS.

THE BODY SLOWLY VANISHES.)

CHRIS: Professor!

(THE TARDIS MATERIALISES IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM AGAIN.

THE DOCTOR, ROMANA AND K9 RUSH OUT.)

THE DOCTOR: Who are you?

CHRIS: Me? I'm ...

ROMANA: This is Chris Parsons' Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, you're the one who's been causing all this trouble are you?

CHRIS: Me? You're the one who's mucking about with Time Machines.

THE DOCTOR: How did you ...

ROMANA: I told him.

THE DOCTOR: Where's the Professor?

CHRIS: Well he just ...

THE DOCTOR: Just what?

CHRIS: I don't know. His body just disappeared into thin air.

THE DOCTOR: What have you done with him?

ROMANA: Doctor, please calm down. It's not Chris's fault, he's not involved.

THE DOCTOR: Where was the body?

CHRIS: Just here. It vanished just before you arrived.

(THE DOCTOR SQUATS DOWN AND PASSES HIS HANDS OVER THE AREA CHRIS INDICATES.)

THE DOCTOR: Yes. He's gone. He must have been on his very last regeneration. You say his mind had been taken?

ROMANA: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: That's what he said to me.

ROMANA: Who?

THE DOCTOR: Called himself Skagra.

ROMANA: Skagra?

THE DOCTOR: Know the name?

CHRIS: Just before the Professor died ...

THE DOCTOR: What?

CHRIS: He ... 'said' three things.

Beware of the sphere ...

THE DOCTOR: Now he tells me.

CHRIS: Beware Skagra.

ROMANA: And beware Shada.

THE DOCTOR: Shada?

ROMANA: Do you know the name?

THE DOCTOR: (WRACKING HIS MEMORY)

Shada ... Shada ... I've heard the name, but ...

ROMANA: It doesn't mean anything to me.

THE DOCTOR: Well Mr Skagra or whatever you call yourself, you have killed a Time Lord and a very old friend of mine, and I think it's time I had a word with you.
K9?

K9: Master?

THE DOCTOR: Can you detect any trace of that sphere?

K9: Affirmative, Master, but it is too weak to take a bearing.

THE DOCTOR: It must just be moping around looking for me. We'll have to wait till it does something again.

K9. Let us know the instant you pick up a stronger signal.

K9: Affirmative, Master.

ROMANA: Doctor, if it's still looking for you ...

THE DOCTOR: We'll wait in the Tardis.
Excellent thought.

TELECINE 2:

Streets. Night.

The Sphere is moping around looking for
THE DOCTOR in desultory fashion.

END TELECINE 2.

3. *Int. Chris Parsons' Lab. Day.*

(EARLY MORNING LIGHT POURING IN
THE WINDOW.

CLARE STILL ASLEEP OVER THE TABLE.
THE TELETEXT MACHINE CHATTERS
AGAIN.

CLARE WAKES WITH A START.

SHE REACTS TO THE FACT THAT IT'S
NOW MORNING.

SHE LOOKS AT HER WATCH AND IS
STARTLED.)

CLARE: Chris? Chris? Are you there?

(SHE LOOKS AT HER WATCH AGAIN AND
SHAKES IT.

THEN SHE GOES TO LOOK AT THE
READOUT. SHE TEARS IT OFF AND
STARES AT IT IN SURPRISE.)

Where's he got to?

(SHE TAKES DOWN A UNIVERSITY
DIRECTORY FROM A SHELF.

SHE LOOKS UP AN ENTRY.)

Charlton, Charlton, Chester,
Christie, Chronotis.

(SHE WRITES DOWN THE ADDRESS AND
LEAVES.)

TELECINE 3:

Country. Early Morning.

The Sphere, obviously having had enough is making its way back to the ship.

Turning a corner it suddenly comes face to sphere with an OLD MAN on a bicycle.

Without pausing to consider it noodles him.

END TELECINE 3.

4. Int. Tardis.

(THE DOCTOR, ROMANA AND CHRIS
SITTING ROUND IN VARIOUS ATTITUDES
OF DOZE.)

K9: (SUDDENLY ALERT) Master!

THE DOCTOR: (WAKING WITH A START) Have
you got something K9?

K9: Affirmative, Master. The sphere is
active. 5.7 miles at bearing 4.378.
Velocity 15.3.

THE DOCTOR: Good dog!

5. Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.

(KNOCK ON THE DOOR, THEN CLARE
ENTERS TENTATIVELY.)

CLARE: Hello?

(SHE IS JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE
TARDIS DEMATERIALISE.

SHE STANDS AND BOGGLES.)

TELECINE 4:

Country.

The sphere floating back to the ship.
It passes SKAGRA'S car and moves out to
the invisible ship.

CUT

The Tardis materialises in the near
vicinity.

THE DOCTOR and the others emerge
quietly.

THE DOCTOR: There it is!

Before their amazed eyes the sphere
enters the ship. In other words it
seems simply to vanish.

THE DOCTOR: (QUIETLY TO ROMANA) Did you
see what I just didn't see?

ROMANA: No.

THE DOCTOR: Neither did I.

CHRIS: It just vanished.

THE DOCTOR: That's what I said.

6. Int. Skagra's Ship.

(SKAGRA DISCOVERED EXAMINING THE
BOOK.

THE SPHERE ENTERS, IT HOVERS
OBEDIENTLY, SKAGRA TURNS.)

SKAGRA: Report.

(THE SPHERE SETTLES ONTO ITS
PLAYBACK CONE.

ON THE SCREEN IS THROWN UP A QUICK
PICTURE OF THE DOCTOR ESCAPING
INTO THE TARDIS. FREEZE FRAME.

SKAGRA WITH A RESTRAINED GRIMACE
REGISTERS GREAT ANNOYANCE.)

Continue.

(THE PICTURE UNFREEZES. THE TARDIS
DEMATERIALISES.)

What is that machine?

(THE SHIP SPEAKS IN ANSWER. AT THE
SAME TIME A QUICK SUCCESSION OF
COMPUTER GRAPHICS OF THE TARDIS
EXTERIOR ARE DISPLAYED ON THE
SCREEN.)

SHIP: My Lord it displays the
characteristics of a Gallifreyan
Time Capsule. Type 39. Possible type
40.

SKAGRA: Present whereabouts?

SHIP: In close proximity my lord.
Intruders are approaching the ship.

SKAGRA: Show *me*!

(ON SCREEN WE SEE CLOSE UP DOCTOR
AND HIS PARTY APPROACHING THE SHIP
PURPOSEFULLY.)

TELECINE 5:

Meadow. Day.

THE DOCTOR and party walking across
meadow, which of course appears to be
totally empty.

K9 pulls to a halt. The OTHERS walk on.

THE DOCTOR walks straight into the side of the ship hitting his head.

The OTHERS stop, puzzled.

THE DOCTOR does a Marcel Marceau routine feeling the side of the ship.

The OTHERS join him.

THE DOCTOR: K9, don't move, there is something here.

K9: Affirmative, Master.

THE DOCTOR: Why didn't you warn me you silly animal?

K9: I assumed you could see it, Master.

ROMANA: What is it K9?

K9: A spacecraft, Mistress. Of very advanced design. Many of it's functions are beyond my capacity to analyse.

THE DOCTOR whistles in amazement. That suggests a very advanced ship.

CHRIS: If I'd built something that clever I'd want people to see it.

THE DOCTOR: What's it powered by?

K9: Insufficient data.

THE DOCTOR: Aren't we all. Where does it come from?

K9: Insufficient data.

ROMANA: What does it look like?

K9: Very large, Mistress.

CHRIS: How large?

K9: One hundred metres long.

THE DOCTOR: That'll keep the cows
guessing. There must be an entrance
somewhere.

ROMANA: The sphere disappeared about
here.

END TELECINE 5.

7. *Int. Skagra's Ship.*

(HE IS WATCHING THEM ON HIS
SCREEN.)

SKAGRA: Admit them.

SHIP: My lord.

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Meadow. Day.

The ideal effect would be to see light
beginning to pour out of the space ship
door as it opens, in other words light
pouring out of nothing.

Alternative would be a sound effect of
the hydraulic door opening, and K9
saying something like: 'The door is
opening master.'

The PARTY looks at each other.

THE DOCTOR shrugs and gingerly leads
the way up invisible steps, the top of
his head disappearing as he enters.

END TELECINE 6.

8. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Corridor.*

(IT IS LONG AND THE WALLS PULSATE WITH BRILLIANT LIGHT.

TENTATIVELY THE DOCTOR, FOLLOWED BY ROMANA, FOLLOWED BY CHRIS, FOLLOWED BY K9 MOVE UP THE CORRIDOR.)

CHRIS: Better than an old police box.

THE DOCTOR: Shhh. K9, any sign of that deranged billiard ball?

K9: Master?

THE DOCTOR: The gaggleback, the beastly.

K9: Master?

THE DOCTOR: The sphere!

K9: All signal sources are confused, Master.

THE DOCTOR: Romana, I'd feel happier if you three went outside again. No point us all walking into the spider's web.

ROMANA: No Doctor, I'll stay, you might need help.

THE DOCTOR: I ...

(AT THAT MOMENT A SHARPLY DEFINED CUBE OF LIGHT ENGULFS ROMANA, CHRIS AND K9.

IT THEN DISAPPEARS AGAIN TAKING THEM WITH IT.

THE DOCTOR BOGGLES.)

Romana!

(HE SEARCHES ROUND FOR TRACE OF THEM.

AS HE TURNS TO FACE UP THE CORRIDOR AGAIN SKAGRA IS THERE.)

SKAGRA: They will not be harmed, Doctor, For the moment.

THE DOCTOR: I'm not very impressed by the party tricks, Skagra. That is your name, isn't it?

SKAGRA: These party tricks, Doctor, are purely functional, their purpose precisely defined, as is mine.

THE DOCTOR: Where have you taken my companions?

SKAGRA: Come with me, Doctor.

9. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.*

(CLARE IS URGENTLY LOOKING ABOUT.)

CLARE: Chris? Professor Chronotis?

(SHE FINDS CHRIS'S SACHEL BAG LYING ON A CHAIR.)

Chris?

(SHE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM. SHE IS PUZZLED BY THE FACT THAT MOST OF THE BOOKS ARE LYING ON THE FLOOR.

FINDING NOTHING, SHE HURRIES OUT OF THE ROOM AGAIN LOOKING NERVOUS AND URGENT.)

10. *Int. Skagra's Ship Main Control.*

(SKAGRA ENTERS FOLLOWED BY THE DOCTOR.)

THE DOCTOR: Skagra, what have you done with the Professor's mind?

SKAGRA: It will be put to a more useful purpose.

THE DOCTOR: I would argue that it was serving a very useful purpose where it was.

SKAGRA: Not to me.

THE DOCTOR: You realise he had died?

SKAGRA: Only his mind was of use to me. Not his life.

THE DOCTOR: You take a very proprietorial attitude to other people's brains.

SKAGRA: It seems to me that Time Lords take a very proprietorial view of the Universe.

THE DOCTOR: Just exactly who are you, Skagra?

SKAGRA: That knowledge will be of no use to you.

THE DOCTOR: Then I think you may as well tell me.

SKAGRA: And I think I may as well not. We have more important matters to discuss.

TELECINE 7:

Porter's Lodge. Day.

CLARE comes running through the college.

She practically collides with the College Porter.

PORTER: Watch out where you're going now.

CLARE: I'm sorry. You don't know where Professor Chronotis has gone, do you?

PORTER: Now now, calm down. Isn't he in his room?

CLARE: No, I've just come from there.

PORTER: That's funny. He hasn't come out this way. If you want to leave a message I'll see he gets it.

CLARE: It's just it's terribly urgent. A book a friend of mine was taking to him, it's very dangerous.

PORTER: Well what I say is people shouldn't write things if they don't want people to read them.

CLARE: No, the book itself. It's automatically unstable. It seems to be absorbing radioactivity. I think it's very very dangerous.

PORTER: A book's doing that?

CLARE: Yes. We must find the Professor.

PORTER: Alright then miss. You go back to his room and I'll ring around the College and see where he's got to.

CLARE looks apprehensively back towards the room.

CLARE: But it's ... alright. Yes, I'll go back.

She walks back into the college.

THE PORTER shakes his head before going into the Porter's lodge.

PORTER: I don't know. They'll publish anything these days.

END TELECINE 7.

10A. *Int. Skagra's Ship Main Control.*

(SKAGRA ENTERS FOLLOWED BY THE DOCTOR.

SKAGRA PICKS UP THE BOOK. HE WEIGHS IT THOUGHTFULLY IN HIS HAND.)

SKAGRA: This book, Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR: Which book, this book?

(HE TAKES IT AND LOOKS AT A COUPLE OF PAGES.)

I've read it. It's rubbish.

(HE HANDS IT BACK.

SKAGRA GIVES IT BACK TO THE DOCTOR.)

SKAGRA: Then perhaps you would read it to me?

THE DOCTOR: I have a very boring reading voice. By the time I'd got to the bottom of the first page

you'd be asleep, I'd escape, and
then where would you be?

SKAGRA: Read it to me.

THE DOCTOR: I presume you can't read
Gallifreyan then?

SKAGRA: Like a native. Read it to me,
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Alright. Are you standing
comfortably?

SKAGRA: I am.

THE DOCTOR: Then I'll sit down.

(AS HE DOES SO, HE NOTICES THE
SPHERE NEXT TO HIM.

HE BLANCHES, VISIBLY AND CHOOSES
ANOTHER SEAT.)

SKAGRA: Begin.

THE DOCTOR: 'Grrrr vdd thrrrr hurhurgh
dud dududud vvvllll'. I'm
paraphrasing, of course.

SKAGRA: (WARNINGLY) Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR: Shh, this is a good bit
... 'jjjjdddrrr gr gr gr hummmmmm
...'

(SUDDENLY A LOOK OF MOCK WORRY
COMES OVER HIS FACE.

HE HUNTS THROUGH THE BOOK.)

Skagra, do you realise this book
doesn't make one bit of sense?

SKAGRA: Doctor, a fool would realise
it was written in code.

(THE DOCTOR STARES AT IT.)

THE DOCTOR: Skagra!

SKAGRA: What?

THE DOCTOR: This thing's written in code! How am I doing?

SKAGRA: I believe you know the code.

THE DOCTOR: Who, me?

SKAGRA: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: Oh no no. I'm afraid I'm very stupid. Very stupid. I am very very stupid.

SKAGRA: Doctor, I believe you as a Time Lord know this code, and you will give that knowledge to me!

THE DOCTOR: There's no point in giving me orders, I'm very very stupid.

SKAGRA: That is not an order.

THE DOCTOR: No?

SKAGRA: It is a statement of fact.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, how stupid of me.

(SKAGRA MAKES A GESTURE.

THE SPHERE RISES AND APPROACHES
THE DOCTOR.)

SKAGRA: You will give me that knowledge because you have no choice.

THE DOCTOR: Ah well, I don't know about that. I don't know about anything, in fact. I'm an appallingly stupid person.

SKAGRA: That, Doctor, will soon be very true.

(THE SPHERE ATTACHES ITSELF TO THE
DOCTOR'S FOREHEAD.

WITH A LONG CRY OF PAIN HE
COLLAPSES IN HIS SEAT.)

11. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Brig.*

(A TOTALLY FEATURELESS ROOM. NO
DOOR.

CHRIS, ROMANA AND K9 ARE THE
RESIDENT CAPTIVES.

THEY ARE EXAMINING THE WALLS.)

CHRIS: Not even a door. (SUDDENLY
CLICKS) We must have got in here by
some sort of matter transference.

ROMANA: Very clever.

CHRIS: I suppose you do this sort of
thing the whole time.

ROMANA: Yes actually. Can't you pick
up any trace of the Doctor, K9?

K9: Negative, Mistress. Every signal
is shielded.

CHRIS: I was meant to be delivering a
paper to the Astronomical Society
tonight.

(ROMANA NOT REALLY PAYING
ATTENTION, BECAUSE SHE IS FIDDLING
WITH K9.)

ROMANA: Oh yes? Can you pick up
anything now, K9?

K9: Negative, Mistress.

CHRIS: Yes. Finally disproved the
possibility of Life on other
Planets.

ROMANA: Oh yes?

CHRIS: Well, I can deliver it next month.

(ROMANA DOESN'T REACT.

SHE CONTINUES TO FIDDLE WITH K9.)

ROMANA: Now try.

CHRIS: (TO HIMSELF) It won't seem the same though.

K9: Nothing, Mistress.

CHRIS: Curious substance this wall.

ROMANA: Oh blast it.

(K9 PUTS HIS BLASTER OUT AND
BLASTS THE WALL.

THE BEAM RICHOCHELTS BACK AND
FORTH, MAKING ROMANA AND CHRIS
THROW THEMSELVES TO THE GROUND.)

K9: Apologies, Mistress.

ROMANA: Thank you, K9.

K9: Mistress! I am picking up faint signals!

ROMANA: What is it? Can you let us hear it?

K9: Affirmative, Mistress.

(WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE VOICE
BABBLE.

REACTION FROM ROMANA AND CHRIS.)

ROMANA: It sounds different this time.

K9: Affirmative, Mistress. A new voice has been added.

ROMANA: A new voice?

K9: Affirmative. It is the Doctor.

(REACTION ROMANA.)

12. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control.*
(THE DOCTOR SLUMPED IN THE CHAIR
IN WHICH WE LAST SAW HIM.
HE APPEARS TO BE DEAD.
PAN ROUND TO SEE THAT THE ROOM
LACKS SKAGRA.)

13. *Int. Skagra's Ship Brig.*

(AS BEFORE.)

ROMANA: (TO K9) Nothing at all?

K9: No signals on any frequency,
Mistress.

ROMANA: If only we could get out of
here!

(A LIGHT ENGULFS HER, AND SHE
DISAPPEARS.

CHRIS SPINS ROUND.)

CHRIS: That's it!

K9: Explain.

CHRIS: You just have to ask! If only
we could get out of here.

(NOTHING HAPPENS.

HE BANGS HIS FIST ON THE WALL.)

14. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Corridor.*

(ROMANA MATERIALISES IN THE BLOCK
OF LIGHT.

SHE STUMBLES AND SPINS ROUND.

SKAGRA IS STANDING THERE - WITH
HIS SPHERE.)

ROMANA: What have you done to the
Doctor?

SKAGRA: Nothing you would like to hear about.

ROMANA: Let me see him!

SKAGRA: You would not enjoy it. I have taken his mind. Come!

(WITH AN IRON GRIP HE TAKES HOLD OF HER ARM AND MOVES HER DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE EXIT.)

ROMANA: Let go of me! Who are you? What do you want?

SKAGRA: I want many things. At the moment I want you to stop struggling. Come!

(HE PUSHES HER FORWARD.)

TELECINE 8:

Ext. The Meadow. Night.

Outside the invisible spaceship.

ROMANA, SKAGRA and the sphere leave the ship.

In other words, first their legs appear as they walk down the steps, then the rest of them.

ROMANA: Where are you taking me?
No reply.

ROMANA: Where are you taking me?

SKAGRA: Quiet! Or I shall use the sphere on you too!

B.C.U. the sphere. The babble of voices.

END TELECINE 8.

15. *Int. Skagra's Ship Main Control.*
(THE DOCTOR, STILL SLUMPED.)

16. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Brig.*
(CHRIS SITTING DESPONDENTLY
AGAINST THE WALL.)

CHRIS: Why did she get out and not
me?

K9: Insufficient data.

CHRIS: Insufficient data, insufficient
data. Why did I ever get involved
with this?

K9: Insufficient data.

(REACTION CHRIS: TOO RIGHT.)

TELECINE 9:

Ext. Meadow. Night.

SKAGRA pushes ROMANA towards the Tardis.

SKAGRA: Your travelling capsule.

ROMANA: If you think I'm going to let
you into it you're going to be
disappointed.

SKAGRA: Then it is as well I have the
Doctor's key.

He produces the key, opens the door,
pushes her in, and follows, with the
sphere.

END TELECINE 9.

17. *Int. Tardis.*

(SKAGRA AND ROMANA)

SKAGRA: No doubt you also refuse to operate the capsule for me.

ROMANA: Of course. And no one can operate it other than the Doctor or myself, so bad luck.

SKAGRA: If the Doctor can operate it, then so can I..

(HE PLACES THE SPHERE ON THE CONSOLE WHERE IT STAYS PUT.

WITH ONE HAND ON THE SPHERE, HE OPERATES THE TARDIS CONTROLS WITH THE OTHER.

WHEN ROMANA TRIES TO INTERVENE HE PUSHES HER ROUGHLY ASIDE.)

TELECINE 10:

Ext. Meadow. Night.

The Tardis dematerialises.

END TELECINE 10.

18. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.*

(CLARE, PACING FRETFULLY AROUND.

SHE STARTS TO EXAMINE THE ROOM, LOOKING IN THINGS AND UNDER THINGS.

SHE PICKS UP AND LOOKS AT A RUSTY OLD KEY ON A MANTELPIECE.

A MOMENT LATER SHE TRIES TO OPEN

AN OLD WOODEN CUPBOARD. IT'S
LOCKED. SHE DECIDES TO TRY THE
KEY.

IT OPENS IT.

INSIDE, TO HER BEWILDERMENT IS A
SORT OF CONTROL PANEL, BUT VERY
OLD FASHIONED.

CONSUMED WITH CURIOSITY SHE
TOUCHES A CONTROL.

THE WHOLE ROOM BEGINS TO HUM AND
SHAKE. SHE TRIES TO TURN THE CONTROL
BACK, BUT THERE IS A MINOR EXPLOSION
AND SHE COLLAPSES ON TO THE FLOOR.)

TELECINE 11:

THE PORTER comes out of the Porter's
lodge, wearing an expression such as to
suggest that he has had no luck tracing
the Professor.

He walks through the college and enters
the Professor's staircase.

END TELECINE 11.

*19. Int. Outside the Professor's Room.
(Just a Corner Set)*

(THE PORTER KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.)

PORTER: Hello?

(HE KNOCKS AGAIN.)

Hello, are you in there miss?

(HE SHRUGS AND OPENS THE DOOR.
HE IS ASTONISHED TO SEE THAT
BEYOND THE DOOR IS JUST A
SHIMMERING BLUE VOID.)

20. *Int. Skagra's Ship: Main Control.*

(WITH A START THE DOCTOR WAKES.
BUT HE IS VERY GROGGY AND SLOW. HE
FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO GET HIS
THOUGHTS TOGETHER.

HE PICKS UP THE END OF HIS SCARF
AND FIDDLES WITH IT IN AN AIMLESS
SORT OF WAY, NOT WITH ANY
INTELLIGENT INTEREST.)

THE DOCTOR: (SLOWLY AND STUPIDLY) Very
... stupid.

(HE HALF CLOSES HIS EYES, AS IF
HE'S TRYING TO GRASP HOLD OF A
THOUGHT.)

(AGAIN, SLOWLY) Very ... stupid.

(AGAIN HE TRIES TO CATCH THE
THOUGHT.

THEN SLOWLY A BROAD GRIN OPENS UP
HIS FACE.)

(MUCH MORE ENERGETICALLY) Ha! Very
stupid.

(HE LEAPS TO HIS FEET, BUT REGRETS
IT. HE IS STILL VERY GROGGY. HE
SHAKES HIS HEAD.)

(CALLS OUT) Skagra?

(THE SHIP ANSWERS HIM.)

SHIP: My Lord has departed.

(THE DOCTOR SPINS ROUND.)

THE DOCTOR: Who's that?

SHIP: My Lord Skagra.

(THE DOCTOR WHEELS ROUND AGAIN,
UNABLE TO PINPOINT THE VOICE.)

THE DOCTOR: No! Who's speaking?

SHIP: The servant of Skagra. I am the
ship.

THE DOCTOR: The ship? A talking ship?

SHIP: Correct.

THE DOCTOR: Skagra must be hard up for
friends. Will you tell me where my
companions are?

SHIP: I will not. You are an enemy of
Skagra. Any orders you give me are
hostile to my Lord.

THE DOCTOR: Oh I don't mean any harm.

SHIP: I do not understand why you are
moving.

THE DOCTOR: What?

SHIP: You are dead.

THE DOCTOR: Am I?

SHIP: Your entire mind was to be
seized into the sphere.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, well it wasn't, was
it? The trick on these occasions is
not to resist. I just let the thing
believe I was very stupid and it
then didn't pull nearly hard enough.
It got a copy but left me with the
original intact. Understand?

SHIP: (AFTER PAUSE) No, I do not.

THE DOCTOR: No. Nor do I. Perhaps I really am stupid. No! - I know - I am dead!

SHIP: That computes with my Lord's actions.

THE DOCTOR: Then will you tell me where my companions are?

SHIP: I cannot accept your orders. You are an enemy of Skagra.

THE DOCTOR: An enemy, not true. If I am dead, then I am an ex-enemy of Skagra's. Correct?

SHIP: Correct.

THE DOCTOR: A dead man can hardly be a threat to anyone, correct?

SHIP: Correct.

THE DOCTOR: Then (HE IS TREADING CAREFULLY) if I am dead, I cannot give orders that would be any kind of threat to Skagra. Correct?

SHIP: (AFTER A PAUSE) Correct.

THE DOCTOR: Then ... will you please arrange the release of my companions?

SHIP: I have orders not to. Their release would constitute a threat to Skagra.

THE DOCTOR: But I am ordering you to. And as we have established the fact that I am dead, that I am incapable of ordering anything that would threaten Skagra, so if I order you to release them, it doesn't threaten him. Will you release them?

SHIP: They will be released.

THE DOCTOR: Excellent! Thank you.

(HE HAS BEEN BREATHING HEAVILY IN
THE LAST EXCHANGES. HE NOW NOTICES
THIS. HIS BREATHING IS RASPY.)

It's getting very stuffy in here.

SHIP: You are dead?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I thought we'd sorted
that out.

SHIP: I am programmed to conserve
resources. Since there are no live
beings in this area I have shut down
the oxygen supply.

THE DOCTOR: What?

(THE DOCTOR IS GASPING FOR BREATH,
AND GETTING DIZZY WITH
ASPHYXIATION.)

SHIP: Dead men do not require oxygen.

(THE DOCTOR'S POV.

EVERYTHING GOING RED AND HAZY.

THE SHIP'S LAST LINE IS REPEATED
OVER AND OVER WITH A BUZZING
REVERB.)

SUPOSE CAM: *End*

Roll

Credits

FADE OUT

REWRITE: 17/9/79

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT
CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF A CONTRACT FOR ANY
PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script
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'DOCTOR WHO'

SERIAL 5M

'SHADA'

EPISODE FOUR

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Make-up Artist	KIM BURNS

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19th & 20th	
1st, 2nd, 3rd	December

- 95/4 -

'DOCTOR WHO' - EPISODE FOUR: 'SHADA'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
ROMANA
K9
SKAGRA
CHRIS PARSONS
SHIP VOICE ONLY
KRARG COMMANDER
KRARG II
FIVE SCIENTISTS
DOCTOR CALDERA
CLARE
PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS

SETS:

Professor Chronotis' Room.
Skagra's Spacecraft: Brig.
Corridor.
Main Control.
Small Krarg Generation Chamber
Int. Tardis Control.
Int. Space Station: Corridor.
Main Chamber.
Int. Krarg Carrier: Command Deck.
Krarg Generation Annexe.

LOCATIONS:

Grantchester Meadows.

'DOCTOR WHO'

'SHADA'

EPISODE FOUR

TELECINE:

SUPOSE CAM: *Opening*
Titles:

END TELECINE.

(REPRISE END OF EPISODE THREE.

THE DOCTOR CONVINCES THE SHIP THAT
AS HE IS DEAD IT IS SAFE TO ACCEPT
HIS ORDERS.

THE SHIP AGREES BUT DEPRIVES HIM
OF OXYGEN.

THE DOCTOR COLLAPSES.)

1. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Brig.*

(CHRIS AND K9, AS BEFORE. THEY ARE
EXAMINING THE WALLS AGAIN.)

CHRIS: Not a clue.

(AT WHICH THE LIGHT ENGULFS THEM
AND THEY VANISH.)

2. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Corridor.*

(THE SAME LIGHT EFFECT AS BEFORE.

CHRIS AND K9 MATERIALISE.)

CHRIS: Hey, we did it!

K9: We must find the Doctor Master. He
is in danger.

(K9 TRUNDLES TO THE SEALED DOORWAY
LEADING TO THE MAIN CONTROL.)

Stand clear. Preparing blaster fire.

(THE BLASTER NOZZLE COMES OUT.

MEANWHILE CHRIS HAS SEEN THE TWO
BUTTONS ON THE SIDE OF THE DOOR
MARKED 'OPEN' AND 'CLOSE'. HE
PRESSES THE OPEN ONE.

THE DOOR OPENS.)

(GLUMLY) Most satisfactory.

(CHRIS SHRUGS APOLOGETICALLY.

THEY RUSH INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.
THERE SHOULD BE AN EFFECT OF AIR
RUSHING INTO THE ROOM.)

3. *Int. Skagra's Ship Main Control.*

(THE DOCTOR LYING UNCONSCIOUS ON
FLOOR. ALARM BELLS RINGING.

CHRIS RUSHES OVER TO THE DOCTOR.)

CHRIS: Doctor.

SHIP: Oxygen levels returning to
normal.

(CHRIS SPINS ROUND.)

CHRIS: Who said that?

(K9 ALSO SPINS ROUND IN CONFUSION.)

SHIP: I am the ship. The servant of
the Lord Skagra.

CHRIS: Where's that voice coming
from?

K9: Impossible to pinpoint source. It
pervades the whole ship.

CHRIS: The Doctor - he's alright!

(THE DOCTOR REVIVES.)

THE DOCTOR: No I'm not. I'm dead.

CHRIS: What?

THE DOCTOR: I've been nearly too
clever by three quarters.

CHRIS: You never seem to do anything
by halves.

THE DOCTOR: I persuaded the ship I was
dead and it cut off my oxygen
supply.

CHRIS: You what?

THE DOCTOR: It won't take orders from
an enemy of Skagra. But since it
believes I am dead ...

(HE CORRECTS HIMSELF LOUDLY.)

Since I *am* dead, the ship had no
reason not to accept my orders.

CHRIS: What?

K9: The logic is peculiar but
acceptable.

THE DOCTOR: It only resumed the supply
of oxygen when you came in. You're
still alive, officially.

CHRIS: That's reassuring.

THE DOCTOR: Where's Romana?

CHRIS: I thought she was with you.
Whatever took us off came back for her.

THE DOCTOR: Skagra! He must have her as well now -

CHRIS: As well as what?

THE DOCTOR: That book and a copy of my mind.

CHRIS: He's got what?

THE DOCTOR: A copy of my mind. In his sphere. He thinks I know the key to the book.

CHRIS: Well, what is the key?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know. I deliberately didn't think about it in case he did use the sphere on me. Come on, we can trace them from the Tardis.

K9: Negative Master.

THE DOCTOR: What do you mean?

K9: The Tardis has gone.

THE DOCTOR: Has what?

K9: Gone Master.

4. *Int. Tardis.*

(SKAGA AT THE CONTROL CONSOLE.
WITH ONE HAND HE TOUCHES THE
SPHERE, WITH THE OTHER HE
MANIPULATES THE TARDIS CONTROLS.)

ROMANA: Anyone can dematerialise a

Tardis, but you'd be a real safety hazard at the major controls. That's why they're booby-trapped.

SKAGRA: Not true.

ROMANA: How do you know?

(SKAGRA TAPS THE SPHERE.)

You know everything?

SKAGRA: It's all in here.

(ROMANA EDGES TOWARDS THE CONSOLE.

THE SPHERE RISES AND APPROACHES HER, EMITTING THE VOICE BABBLE.

ROMANA BACKS OFF.

THE SPHERE SETTLES BACK.)

I wouldn't go near it if I were you. It can do far worse things to you than you can possibly do to it.

ROMANA: I don't see why you want to steal an old crock like this anyway. You've got a perfectly good ship of your own.

SKAGRA: Impressed with it were you?

(ROMANA DOESN'T ANSWER.)

I should hope you were. I designed it. But it has certain limitations. And what the Time Lords have hidden I shall need Time Lord technology to find.

ROMANA: You seem to know a lot about the Time Lords. Who are you? What do you want?

SKAGRA: Have you heard of a man called Salyavin?

ROMANA: Salyavin! You're Salyavin?

SKAGRA: You asked me two questions if you remember.

ROMANA: What do you mean?

SKAGRA: Quiet. I must concentrate.

(HE PUTS HIS HAND ON THE SPHERE
WITH THE OTHER HE STARTS SETTING
CO-ORDINATES.)

5. *Model (Studio)*

(AGAINST A STAR BACKGROUND WE SEE
SKAGRA'S CARRIER SHIP.

IT IS IN RELATION TO THE SHIP HE
HAS USED SO FAR ABOUT THE SAME
SIZE AS A BATTLE SHIP TO THE
ADMIRAL'S LAUNCH.)

6. *Int. Krarg Carrier. Command deck.*

(ONE WALL OF IT IS AN ENORMOUSLY
WIDE SCREEN/WINDOW LOOKING OUT
OVER A WIDE STRETCH OF THE GALAXY.
THE TARDIS MATERIALISES.

SKAGRA AND ROMANA EMERGE, SKAGRA
ACCOMPANIED AS EVER BY THE SPHERE.)

ROMANA: Where are we?

SKAGRA: On my command ship.

ROMANA: (SNEERING) Command ship. And
what do you hope to command?

SKAGRA: More than you can possibly
imagine.

ROMANA: I have a very vivid
imagination.

SKAGRA: Then I suggest you use it
whilst it is still yours. It may be
in for some shocks.

KRARG COMMANDER (OOV): Welcome back to
your ship my Lord.

(ROMANA SPINS ROUND TO SEE WHERE
THE VOICE HAS COME FROM.

THERE IS THE KRARG COMMANDER, AS
DESCRIBED, A HUMANOID SHAPE
APPARENTLY MADE OF CRYSTALLISED
COAL.)

7. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control.*

(THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS)

CHRIS: So where's he gone?

THE DOCTOR: Or when.

CHRIS: What?

THE DOCTOR: Time Machine.

CHRIS: Oh yes. (DOUBTFULLY) Yes. He
must have taken Romana because she
can operate it.

THE DOCTOR: So can he. He's got my mind
in that sphere of his. Everything I
know is at his disposal.

CHRIS: There's one thing he doesn't
know.

THE DOCTOR: What?

CHRIS: You're still alive.

THE DOCTOR: Shhh! I'm dead remember.

CHRIS: (QUIETLY) Doctor, why doesn't
the ship realise that ...

THE DOCTOR: It's only programmed to obey instructions not to think about them. Blind logic. Let's work out what we know. We know that ... er ... let's work out what we don't know.

CHRIS: Right.

THE DOCTOR: We don't know where Skagra has taken Romana, we don't know why he wants the book, we don't know what he's going to do ...

CHRIS: That's enough don't knows to win an election.

THE DOCTOR: Hmmpphh.

CHRIS: This ship must know where he's gone.

THE DOCTOR: Ship! Speaking to you as a late lamented enemy of your Lord Skagra I command you to tell me where he has gone.

SHIP: I do not have that information.

THE DOCTOR: (ANGRILY) Don't know, don't know, don't know!

8. *Int. Krarg Carrier. Main control.*

(SKAGRA SETS UP THE SPHERE ON A CONSOLE.)

ROMANA: Why won't you tell me? Why won't you just say what you're trying to do?

(SKAGRA LOOKS AT HER QUIETLY FOR A MOMENT.)

THEN HE LEADS HER OVER TO THE WIDE
PANORAMIC SCREEN.)

SKAGRA: Tell me what you see.

ROMANA: Stars. Billions of them.

SKAGRA: What are they doing?

ROMANA: Doing?

SKAGRA: Yes.

ROMANA: What do you mean what are they
doing? They're just there. They're

...

SKAGRA: Exactly. Spinning uselessly
through the void. And around them,
billions of people spinning
uselessly through their lives.

ROMANA: Says who.

SKAGRA: I say.

ROMANA: And who are you?

SKAGRA: What I am now is not
important. But what I - what we all -
shall be.

ROMANA: What are you ...

SKAGRA: Shhh!

(HE CUPS HIS HANDS TOGETHER, THEN
INVITES HER TO LOOK INSIDE.)

Look.

(SHE LOOKS INSIDE, MYSTIFIED.)

ROMANA: What?

SKAGRA: What do you see?

ROMANA: Nothing. Air.

SKAGRA: Billions of atoms spinning at
random. Expanding energy, running

down, achieving nothing. Entropy. Like the stars. But what is the one thing that stands against entropy, against random decay?

(HE HOLDS OUT ONE HAND TO HER.)

Life! See how the atoms are arranged here. They have meaning, purpose. And what more meaning and purpose than in here?

(HE INDICATES HIS HEAD.)

You do not understand me. Your mind is too limited.

(HE IS MOVING TOWARDS HER.

SHE BACKS AWAY. SHE BACKS INTO KRARG. SHE STARTS, AND SPINS ROUND.)

ROMANA: What are these ... things?

SKAGRA: These? My Krargs. They shall be the servants of the new generation.

ROMANA: New generation? A new race?

SKAGRA: Not a new race ...

ROMANA: People, new people?

SKAGRA: Not people. A new person.

(ROMANA, BAFFLED BUT HORROR-STRUCK.)

KRARG COMMANDER: My Lord.

SKAGRA: Speak.

KRARG: We shall shortly require new personnel.

SKAGRA: Operate the vat.

KRARG COMMANDER: As my Lord commands.

(THE KRARG COMMANDER GOES OFF TO
THE KRARG GENERATION ANNEXE.)

SKAGRA: (TO ROMANA) You shall see
this.

(HE TAKES HER WITH HIM.)

*9. Int. Krarg Generation Annexe,
Carrier Ship.*

(THIS CONTAINS COFFIN SHAPED VATS
FULL OF A HEAVY GAS.

THE KRARG COMMANDER HAS ENTERED.

SKAGRA AND ROMANA FOLLOW.)

ROMANA: What ...

SKAGRA: Shhh ...

(THE KRARG COMMANDER PUSHES A
BUTTON.

INSIDE ONE OF THE VATS, A VERY
BASIC FIBRE OPTIC WIRE SKELETON
LIGHTS UP.

CRYSTALS QUICKLY BEGIN TO FORM
ROUND THE SKELETON. BLACK
CRYSTALS.

VERY QUICKLY THE SHAPE OF A KRARG
IS FORMED.

IT PULLS ITSELF UP OUT OF THE VAT,
A FULLY FORMED KRARG.)

NEW KRARG: What is your command
Master?

(ROMANA APPALLED, HORROR-STRUCK
ETC.)

10. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control.*

(THE DOCTOR, CHRIS, K9 AS BEFORE.)

CHRIS: So. Back to square one.

THE DOCTOR: That's it!

CHRIS: What?

THE DOCTOR: Square one. That's where we've got to go if we want to find out who Skagra is and what he's up to. Once we know that, we'll know where to find him. Ship! I order you to take us to where your Lord Skagra last came from.

SHIP: The order does not conflict with my programmed instructions. I will activate launch procedures.

(THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS GRIN AT EACH OTHER.)

THE SHIPS ENGINES COME ON.)

Launch procedures activated.

10A. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Corridor.*

SHIP: Launch procedures activated.

10B. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Brig.*

SHIP: Launch procedures activated.

11. *Int. Very Small Krarg Generation Room Inside Skagra's Ship.*

(ONE SMALL GAS-FILLED VAT.)

SHIP: Launch procedures activated.

(IN RESPONSE TO THIS, A FIBRE OPTIC SKELETON LIGHTS UP, AND A KRARG STARTS TO FORM.)

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Meadow. Morning.

The CAMERA FOCUSSES on where the ship is, even though we can't actually see it.

We hear the disembodied roar of the engines. The CAMERA follows the invisible ship up into the sky.

END TELECINE 1.

12. Model Shot (Studio)

(AGAINST A FAST STREAMING STAR
BACKGROUND THE SHIP TAKES VISIBLE
SHAPE.)

13. Int. Skagra's Ship Main Control.

(THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS AND K9 AS
BEFORE.)

THE DOCTOR: Now, ship. How long will
the journey take?

SHIP: Thirty nine astrasiderial days.

THE DOCTOR: What! That's nearly three
months.

SHIP: That is at full warp drive. We
have hundreds of light years to
cover.

CHRIS: Hundreds of light years? In
three months? That's an incredible
speed.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but not nearly fast enough. Ship, can you alter your own circuitry?

SHIP: Yes, I can do that.

THE DOCTOR: Right then stop.

SHIP: Repeat please.

THE DOCTOR: I said stop. Halt.

(THE SHIP'S ENGINES DIE AWAY.)

13A. *Model Shot.*

(THE SHIP COMES TO A STANDSTILL
AGAINST THE STAR BACKGROUND.)

13B. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control*

CHRIS: What are you doing?

THE DOCTOR: I'm going to introduce this ship to a few new concepts. Now ship, listen very carefully. Reverse the polarity on your main warp feeds. Right?

SHIP: Accomplished.

THE DOCTOR: Regrade your deoscillation digretic synthesisers by ten points.

SHIP: I cannot do that. The drive will explode.

THE DOCTOR: Nonsense, it will be perfectly ... did I say ten points? Minus ten points!

SHIP: Accomplished.

THE DOCTOR: Phew, that would have been nasty. Now, realign your maxivectometer on drags so they cross connect with your radia bicentric anodes.

SHIP: Accomplished.

THE DOCTOR: Good, now this is the difficult bit ...

13C. Int. Skagra's Ship. Small Krarg Generation Chamber.

(THE KRARG GENERATION IS NEAR COMPLETION.

WE HEAR THE DISTORTED VOICE OF THE DOCTOR OVER AN INTERCOM AS HE CARRIES ON HIS VERBAL PROGRAMMING OF THE SHIP.)

THE DOCTOR: (VO) Now switch your conceptual geometer from analogue to digital mode and keep triggering feedback responses till you get a reading of 75 dash 839.

SHIP: Accomplished.

13D. Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control.

THE DOCTOR: Now. Let's see if that works. Alright, ship, activate all re-aligned drive circuits.

(FX APPROPRIATE NOISE.)

SHIP: Something very strange is happening.

THE DOCTOR: Don't worry, keep going!

14. *Model Shot.*

(WITH A GRINDING NOISE, NOT UNLIKE THAT OF THE TARDIS IN OPERATION, THE SHIP DEMATERIALISES.)

15. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control.*

THE DOCTOR: Bingo!

CHRIS: What have you done?

THE DOCTOR: I've constructed a primitive dimensional stabiliser by remote control. The journey will now take a couple of minutes to anywhere. Pretty clever don't you think, ship?

SHIP: For a dead man, Doctor, you are extremely ingenious.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, well let's not harp on that aspect shall we?

16. *Int. Krarg Carrier Ship. Command Deck.*

(SKAGRA STANDING BY THE SPHERE WHERE HE MOUNTED IT ON THE CONSOLE.)

SKAGRA: Now, my dear, you shall see that though your friend the Doctor is unfortunately deceased, his mind lives on in this sphere.

(HE PUTS HIS HAND ON IT.

ON A SCREEN (OR POSSIBLY AN INLAY ON THE WIDE PANORAMIC SCREEN) FLASHES A PICTURE OF ROMANA.)

Ah, you see what is uppermost in his mind. He is fond of you.

(SOUR LOOK FROM ROMANA.)

But not what I am looking for.

Somewhere in his mind, I am convinced he knows the code that will unravel the secrets of this book for me.

17. Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.

(CLARE IS INSENSIBLE ON THE FLOOR.

THERE IS A LOW HUM IN THE ROOM.

ON THE CONSOLE WHICH SHE TOUCHED LIGHTS ARE WINKING.

SLOWLY SHE AWAKENS.

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD AND LOOKS ABOUT.

BEHIND AND ABOVE HER STANDS THE ZOMBIE LIKE FIGURE OF PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS, LOOKING TERRIBLY UNWELL.

SHE STARTS.)

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: What have you done with my machine?

(CLARE IS TOO ASTONISHED TO SPEAK.

SHE IS NOT AT HER BEST.

CHRONOTIS WALKS OVER TO THE CONSOLE AND TOUCHES A FEW CONTROLS.

THE HUM CHANGES PITCH.

HE TURNS AND STARES AT HER.

SHE IS TERRIFIED.)

17A. *Model Shot.*

(SKAGRA'S SHIP MOVING SLOWLY
THROUGH THE VORTEX.)

18. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control.*

THE DOCTOR: Well, wherever it is we're
going there.

CHRIS: Whilst Skagra is presumably
going in the opposite direction.

THE DOCTOR: I know. Worrying, isn't
it? It's the only thing we can do
though.

CHRIS: Have you any idea what he's
after?

THE DOCTOR: Something's niggling at
the back of my mind.

CHRIS: What?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know. Whatever it
is we've got to stop him. Mind
control is the most horrible thing.
Any physical threat you can fight,
but once someone has control of your
mind you've lost everything. That
rings a bell. I *should* know the
answer!

CHRIS: It would help if we knew who
Shada was.

THE DOCTOR: Who. Or what.

19. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Corridor.*

(THE KRARG IS SLOWLY MOVING DOWN IT.)

20. *Int. Krarg Carrier Ship.*

(SKAGRA CONCENTRATING ON IMAGES THROWN UP ON THE SCREEN FROM THE DOCTOR'S MIND.

LOTS OF DIFFERENT ANGLES ON THE DOCTOR'S FACE, INTERCUT WITH LOTS OF PICTURES OF THE BOOK, BOTH OPEN AND CLOSED. THERE ARE CLOSE-UPS OF THE PRINT.

SUPERIMPOSED ON THIS ARE VERY RAPID COMPUTER READOUTS, EACH OF WHICH END WITH THE WORD 'INSOLUBLE'.

MEANWHILE ROMANA IS WATCHING ANXIOUSLY.)

ROMANA: What's so important about the book?

SKAGRA: It is the Ancient Law of Gallifrey.

ROMANA: So?

SKAGRA: So what does a Gallifreyan Judge say when passing sentence?

ROMANA: Um ...

SKAGRA: I'll tell you. 'We but administer. You are imprisoned not by this Court but by the power of the Law'.

(SKAGRA HOLDS UP THE BOOK.)

SKAGRA: That used to be quite
literally true.

ROMANA: You mean that book is a key
...?

SKAGRA: The key with which the Time
Lords used to imprison its most
feared criminals. Like for instance
...

(HE BREAKS OFF AS ANOTHER
'INSOLUBLE' FLASHES ON THE SCREEN.)

He doesn't know. He doesn't know the
code!

ROMANA: I'm glad you realise that.
It's about time.

(SKAGRA LOOKS AT HER.

TURNING THE THOUGHT OVER IN HIS
MIND.)

SKAGRA: Time. About Time. Yes, I
should have seen that. A Gallifreyan
code would have to include the
dimension of time.

(MEANWHILE, ON THE SCREEN HAS BEEN
THE EFFECT OF FAST WINDING
BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS.

SKAGRA CONCENTRATES HIS ATTENTION
ON THE SPHERE.)

Stop! Find me the Doctor's last
reference to time.

21. Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control.

THE DOCTOR: Oh come on, ship! What's
taking you so long?

SHIP: Estimated docking time two
minutes.

(AT THIS MOMENT THE DOOR BURSTS
OPEN AND THE KRARG COMES IN.)

KRARG: Who are you?

CHRIS: Doctor!

(THEY BOTH JUMP TO THEIR FEET.

THE KRARG HAS COME RIGHT INTO THE
ROOM.)

THE DOCTOR: Ah, hello there.

CHRIS: What is it?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know.

(THEY TRY TO EDGE ROUND IT TO GET
A CLEAR RUN AT THE DOOR.)

KRARG: You are intruders.

THE DOCTOR: Well actually I'm dead and
this is Chris.

KRARG: You trespass on my Lord's ship.
You shall die!

(HE RAISES A GUN.)

THE DOCTOR: K9!

(K9 GIVES THE KRARG A STIFF BLAST.
THE KRARG STOPS IN HIS TRACKS. BUT
THE MOMENT K9 SWITCHES THE BLASTER
OFF, THE KRARG STARTS TO MOVE
AGAIN. K9 BLASTS AGAIN. SAME
EFFECT.)

K9: (DESPERATELY) Master, I can only
just hold him with blaster at
maximum power.

THE DOCTOR: Hold on K9! (TO CHRIS) We
need a power feed - any power feed.

(HE CROUCHES DOWN AND REMOVES K9's
FUNCTIONING SIDE.

CHRIS YANKS A POWER LINE FLEX FROM THE WALL AND HANDS THE BARED ENDS TO THE DOCTOR WHO STICKS THEM INTO TERMINALS INSIDE K9.)

THE DOCTOR: That better?

K9: Affirmative, Master.

(HIS BLASTER BEAM HOLDS THE KRARG FROZEN.)

CHRIS: What on Earth is it?

THE DOCTOR: What's Earth got to do with it? It looks like some sort of crystalline structure.

SHIP: Preparing to dock.

THE DOCTOR: You go ahead. Don't mind us.

21A. Model Shot.

(SKAGRA'S SHIP MATERIALISES IN THE VICINITY OF THE THINK TANK.)

22. Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.

(AS BEFORE.)

CLARE: Who are you?

CHRONOTIS: I am ... I was ... I will be Professor Chronotis. No, I don't mean to sound portentous. It's just that we Gallifreyans have never managed to come up with a satisfactory form of grammar to cover these situations.

CLARE: I don't understand. What's happening? What situation?

CHRONOTIS: Timelessness. Standing obliquely to the Time Fields.

CLARE: Is that what we're doing?

CHRONOTIS: Oh yes. And most grateful I am to you for arranging it.

CLARE: But I just ...

CHRONOTIS: I know. A terribly ancient Tardis this is. I quite literally rescued it from the scrap heaps. Not really allowed to have one you know. Just as well though, or I'd be dead. Still.

CLARE: *Still* dead?

CHRONOTIS: Oh yes. I've been killed you know. Only your timely mishandling of this machine meant that you tangled with my life streams at the critical moment ... you're not following me are you?

CLARE: No.

CHRONOTIS: No matter. Think of me as a paradox in an anomaly. We must find Skagra.

CLARE: What? Who?

CHRONOTIS: He has the book.

CLARE: Ah, the book.

CHRONOTIS: You know of it?

CLARE: Er, well I ...

CHRONOTIS: It is a very dangerous book and I have been careless. The book is the key to Shada.

CLARE: Shada?

CHRONOTIS: The ancient prison planet of the Time Lords. They have been induced to forget about it.

CLARE: I ... I don't understand any of this

CHRONOTIS: Then understand this. If Skagra is meddling with mind control, mind transference, he can only be going to Shada for one reason. And it is imperative that he be stopped.

CLARE: Why? What's there?

CHRONOTIS: It's not a matter of what, it's a matter of who.

Now, you are a scientist, yes?

CLARE: Er, yes - but not at this sort of thing.

CHRONOTIS: No matter. I will need your assistance to build some equipment.

22A. Int. Krarg Carrier Ship.

(SKAGRA CONCENTRATING ON THE SPHERE.

THE REWIND EFFECT ON THE SCREEN STOPS.

B.C.U. THE BOOK IN THE DOCTOR'S HANDS. THE DOCTOR IS HEARD TO SAY: 'NOT ONLY IS THIS NOT A BOOK, BUT TIME IS RUNNING BACKWARDS OVER IT'.

SKAGRA REACTS WITH EXCITEMENT.)

ROMANA: You really are snooping

through the Doctor's mind. I think that's horrible.

SKAGRA: Quiet! I think I have the answer. Come, we will try a little experiment.

(HE GOES TO THE TARDIS, TAKING THE SPHERE WITH HIM.

HE HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN, INVITING HER TO ENTER WITH HIM.)

23. Model Shot.

(SKAGRA'S SHIP DOCKING WITH SPACE STATION.)

24. Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control.

(AS BEFORE, K9 HOLDING KRARG WHO IS HEATING UP A BIT.)

SHIP: Docking sequence now complete.

THE DOCTOR: Right. Let's go and see where we are. K9.

K9: Master?

THE DOCTOR: Keep holding him.

K9: Affirmative master.

25. Int. Think Tank. Corridor.

(SINCE WE LAST SAW THIS IN EPISODE ONE, IT HAS UNDERGONE SOME CHANGES.

IT IS NOW IN A TERRIBLE MESS, WITH BROKEN EQUIPMENT, RUBBISH AND DIRT

LYING ABOUT THE PLACE. EVEN
COBWEBS.

ESTABLISH.

FAINTLY WE HEAR THE RECORDED
MESSAGE - NOW A BIT SCRATCHY, 'This
is a recorded message. The
Foundation for the Study of
Advanced Sciences is under strict
quarantine. Do not approach. Do not
approach. Everything is under
control.'

REPEATS.

A FEW FAINT SCURRYING SOUNDS.

FROM THE DOOR MARKED SHUTTLE, THE
DOCTOR, AND CHRIS ENTER.

THEY TREAD VERY WARILY. IT IS VERY
SPOOKY. HALF THE LIGHTING IS OUT
OF ORDER, SO IT IS LIT WITH POOLS
OF LIGHT.)

CHRIS: Where are we?

THE DOCTOR: Where do you think we
are?

CHRIS: I don't know.

THE DOCTOR: Same here.

CHRIS: I don't believe we've travelled
hundreds of light years.

THE DOCTOR: Why not?

CHRIS: You can't travel faster than
light. Einstein.

THE DOCTOR: You understand Einstein?

CHRIS: Oh yes.

THE DOCTOR: And Quantum theory?

CHRIS: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: Planck?

CHRIS: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: Newton.

CHRIS: Of course.

THE DOCTOR: You've got a lot to
unlearn.

CHRIS: What is this place?

(THE DOCTOR GOES TO A SIGN ON THE
WALL. HE READS.)

THE DOCTOR: 'Institute for Advanced
Science Studies'.

CHRIS: Advanced state of decay.

THE DOCTOR: Shhh!

CHRIS: What?

THE DOCTOR: Did you just hear
something?

(THEY PAUSE.

THEY HEAR NOTHING.

THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS HAVE COME TO
THE MAIN CHAMBER DOOR.

IT IS OPEN, BUT THERE IS ONLY A
DIM LIGHT INSIDE.

THEY ENTER CAUTIOUSLY.)

26. Int. Space Station. Main Chamber.

(WHEN THEY ARE WELL INTO THE ROOM
FIVE GHOSTLY FIGURES EMERGE FROM
THE GLOOM, THEIR RAISED AND
OUTSTRETCHED ARMS THREATENING.

THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS REALISE THEY
ARE SURROUNDED.)

27. *Int. Tardis.*

(SKAGRA, ROMANA.

SKAGRA HAS THE BOOK AND IS
EXAMINING IT.

HE FLIPS THROUGH IT, STOPPING TO
PEER AT THE OCCASIONAL PAGE.

HE'S NOT MAKING MUCH PROGRESS.

ROMANA MAKES TO APPROACH THE
CONSOLE.

ROMANA APPROACHES THE CONSOLE
AGAIN.)

SKAGRA: Keep back!

(THE SPHERE MOVES OVER TO HER.

SHE MOVES BACK AGAINST THE WALL.
THE SPHERE STANDS GUARD OVER HER.

SKAGRA STARTS AGAIN. HE OPENS THE
BOOK AT THE FIRST PAGE. HE TURNS
THE PAGE.

THE CENTRAL COLUMN OF THE TARDIS
GIVES A SMALL TWITCH, WHICH SKAGRA
DOESN'T NOTICE.

ROMANA DOES. SHE LOOKS ALARMED.

SKAGRA TURNS THE NEXT PAGE. THE
COLUMN TWITCHES AGAIN.

THIS TIME SKAGRA NOTICES. WITH
MOUNTING EXCITEMENT HE ESTABLISHES
THAT TURNING THE PAGES IN ORDER
OPERATES THE COLUMN.

THEN HE STOPS TURNING. THE COLUMN
SLOWS TO A HALT.)

Exactly! Time runs backwards over the
book. So I turn the pages within the
time field of this machine and the
machine operates. Good. And turning
the last page will take us to
Shada.

(WITH GREAT SATISFACTION HE SLAMS
THE BOOK CLOSED.)

*28. Int. Krarg Carrier Ship. Command
Deck.*

(SKAGRA, PUSHING ROMANA IN FRONT
OF HIM, EMERGES WITH THE BOOK.

HE IS MET BY THE KRARG COMMANDER.)

SKAGRA: I have found the key.

KRARG COMMANDER: Congratulations my
Lord.

SKAGRA: Make all preparations for the
entry into Shada.

(HE TURNS TO ROMANA.)

And you must prepare yourself to meet
one of the greatest most powerful
criminals in history. A man the Time
Lords have chosen to forget.

ROMANA: Salyavin ...?

SKAGRA: Salyavin! The lynch pin to my
plans.

29. Int. Think Tank Main Chamber.

(THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS SURROUNDED BY
THE SCIENTISTS.

THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS SHRINK BACK
AS THE MEN COME UP AND PAW THEM IN
A WRETCHED BRAINLESS WAY.

THEY EMIT SENSELESS MOANS (THE MEN
THAT IS, NOT THE DOCTOR OR CHRIS
UNLESS THEY PARTICULARLY WANT TO).)

CHRIS: Who are they? *What* are they?

(IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT THEY ARE
NOT THREATENING, MERELY PATHETIC.)

THE DOCTOR: Victims of Skagra's brain
drain I should think.

(GENTLY HE TAKES HOLD OF ONE OF THEM
AND EXAMINES HIS FACE AND EYES.)

Their intelligence power has been
taken. But their experience patterns
must remain.

CHRIS: If only they could tell us what
happened.

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

(THE DOCTOR HAS A LOOK AT THE
CONE, AND AT SOME OF THE
SURROUNDING EQUIPMENT.)

Fascinating, absolutely fascinating.

CHRIS: Does this lot mean anything to
you?

THE DOCTOR: I think so. Chris, I want
you to do something for me. It won't
be very pleasant.

30. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control.*

(K9'S CONTINUOUS BLASTING IS STILL
HOLDING THE KRARG PARALYSED.)

THE KRARG IS BEGINNING TO GLOW
RED.)

K9: Master. The creature is absorbing
impossible amounts of energy!
Master!

31. Int. 'Think Tank' Main Chamber.

(THE DOCTOR HAS PLACED ONE OF THE
MEN, WHOM WE SHALL CALL CALDERA
ON THE SIDE OF THE CONE.

THE OTHER MEN COWER IN CORNERS.

CHRIS IS LYING ON ANOTHER OF THE
RECESSED SIDES.

THE DOCTOR MANIPULATES SOME
CONTROLS.)

THE DOCTOR: Chris, I'm going to let
the man have access to your
intelligence reserves. It'll only be
temporary, but it will allow him to
function.

CHRIS: I just hope you know what you're
doing.

THE DOCTOR: So do I. Now, take a deep
breath.

(HE PULLS A SWITCH.

CHRIS JOLTS AND BLACKS OUT.

CALDERA ALSO JOLTS. HIS EYES OPEN.
INTELLIGENT THOUGHT RETURNS TO
HIM.)

CALDERA: Skagra!!

32. *Int. Skagra's Ship.*

(K9 STILL HOLDING THE KRARG AT BAY.

THE KRARG IS BEGINNING TO GLOW
VERY HOT AND RED.

THERE IS JUST A HINT THAT IT'S
BEGINNING TO MOVE AGAIN.)

K9: Master. This creature is not only
absorbing energy, it is growing
stronger. Hurry Master.

33. *Int. 'Think Tank' Main Chamber.*

(THE DOCTOR INTERVIEWING CALDERA
WHO IS STILL IN HIS POSITION ON
THE CONE.

CHRIS HAS BLACKED OUT.)

CALDERA: Who are you? What are you
doing here?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, just breezed in. Now
what have you been up to, hmmm? Who
are you all? Skagra's accomplices?

CALDERA: (EMPHATICALLY) No! I am ...
my name is Caldera.

(THE DOCTOR RECOGNISES THIS NAME
WITH A START.)

THE DOCTOR: Doctor Caldera?

CALDERA: You know my name?

THE DOCTOR: The neurologist?

CALDERA: Yes

THE DOCTOR: A privilege to meet you
sir. One of the greatest brains of
your generation.

CALDERA: So are we all.

There's Thira the psychologist,
Professor Santori the parametricist,
Doctor Ia, the biologist, and
Professor Akrotiri ...

(THE DOCTOR BOGGLES.)

THE DOCTOR: Some of the greatest minds
in existence.

(THEIR APPEARANCE CLEARLY IS IN
CONTRAST TO THIS.)

CALDERA: And Doctor Skagra. Also a
geneticist. And astro-engineer. And
cyberneticist. And neuro-
structuralist. And ...

THE DOCTOR: ... too clever by at least
seven eights. But who was he? Where
did he come from?

CALDERA: We don't know. He was very
impressive. He offered very handsome
fees, so we agreed.

THE DOCTOR: To what?

CALDERA: Don't you see? The Think Tank
was his. He set it up.

THE DOCTOR: *He* did? What for?

CALDERA: The pooling of intellectual
resources by electronic mind
transference. He conceived it on the
grand scale - just how grand we didn't
realise at first, not till after we
had built the sphere, and then it
was too late. He stole our minds.

THE DOCTOR: Grand scale? What do you
mean?

33A. *Int. Skagra's Ship Main Control.*
(K9 CLEARLY LOSING BATTLE AGAINST
OVERHEATING KRARG.)

33B. *Int. Think Tank Main Chamber.*
(CALDERA IS NOW STRUGGLING TO
TALK.

CHRIS IS TOSSING RESTLESSLY.)

CALDERA: The whole of humanity ...

THE DOCTOR: What ...?

CALDERA: The whole ... but he needed
...

THE DOCTOR: Needed? Needed what?

CALDERA: One mind. One unique mind. A
man called Salyavin. Needed his mind
...

(CALDERA LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS.)

THE DOCTOR: Salyavin.

34. *Int. Skagra's Spaceship. Main
Control.*

(K9 IS DEFINITELY LOSING THE
STRUGGLE.

THE KRARG IS ABSORBING ALL THE
POWER K9 CAN POUR INTO IT.

THE BLASTER BEAM IS NOW FUSED INTO
THE HAZE WHICH SURROUNDS THE
KRARG.

THE KRARG STARTS TO MOVE.

K9 BACKS AWAY.

THE KRARG FOLLOWS.

K9 CONCEDES, STOPS BLASTING AND
RETREATS AT WHAT PASSES FOR FULL
PELT OUT OF THE MAIN CHAMBER AND
INTO THE CORRIDOR.)

35. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Corridor.*

(K9, NOW THE RIGHT WAY ROUND,
ZOOMING DOWN THE CORRIDOR HEADING
FOR THE EXIT.

THE FIERY HAZE OF THE KRARG
LUMBERS AFTER HIM.)

36. *Int. Think Tank Main Chamber.*

(THE DOCTOR IS HELPING CHRIS OUT
OF HIS POSITION ON THE CONE.)

CHRIS: I feel terrible.

THE DOCTOR: It'll soon pass. You're
fit. Unlike those poor creatures.

(HE INDICATES THE STILL FORMS OF
THE FIVE SCIENTISTS.)

CHRIS: What did you find out?

THE DOCTOR: Not enough to find Skagra.
Just enough to scare the wits out of
me.

CHRIS: Unfortunate phrase.

(AT THAT INSTANT K9 BURSTS IN.)

K9: Danger, Master -

THE DOCTOR: K9! What are you -

(HE NEED GO NO FURTHER, FOR THE
KRARG LOOMS INTO SIGHT, ITS
FOOTSTEPS LEAVING A SMOKING TRAIL.

IF ITS FLAILING HAND TOUCHES THE
WALL, A CRACKLE AND BURN MARK
RESULTS.)

THE DOCTOR: (TO CHRIS) Get back! K9!
Try and hold it back.

K9: Power levels at danger level -

THE DOCTOR: So are his! Try!

(HE TURNS BACK TO THE ROOM AND TO
CHRIS.)

Chris! Help me -

(HE MOVES TO THE CONE TO TRY AND
HELP THE SCIENTISTS, BUT THE HEAT
FROM THE KRARG FORCES HIM TO ONE
SIDE.

THE KRARG BLUNDERS BETWEEN HIM AND
THE CONE.)

CHRIS: Doctor! Look out!

(THE FLAILING ARMS OF THE KRARG
ARE HITTING PIECES OF MACHINERY,
CAUSING IMMENSE SPARK JUMPS.

THE RED MIST STARTS TO GROW.

THE DOCTOR IS BEATEN FURTHER BACK.

THE RED MIST NOW OBSCURES MOST OF
THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM.)

SUPOSE CAM: *Roll*

End

Credits:

FADE OUT

REWRITE: 24/9/79

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT
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'DOCTOR WHO'

SERIAL 5M

'SHADA'

EPISODE FIVE

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'DOCTOR WHO'

'SHADA'

EPISODE FIVE

(REPRISE END OF EPISODE FOUR.
THE KRARG CAUSING HAVOC AND
DESTRUCTION.)

1. Int. Think Tank. Main Chamber.

(THE FLAILING ARMS OF THE KRARGS
ARE HITTING PIECES OF MACHINERY,
CAUSING IMMENSE SPARK JUMPS.

THE RED MIST STARTS TO GROW.

THE DOCTOR IS BEATEN BACK.

THE RED MIST NOW OBSCURES MOST OF
THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM.)

CHRIS: It's going to blow up! Come on,
Doctor. Come on!

(THE DOCTOR IS STILL CLEARLY
CONCERNED WITH THE FATE OF THE
BRAINLESS SCIENTISTS.

BUT THE KRARG LUMBERS STRAIGHT
INTO THEM AND DISPATCHES THE LOT
OF THEM.

THE DOCTOR TURNS AND RUNS.

HE STUMBLES AFTER CHRIS AS THE
VERY FABRIC OF THE STATION STARTS
TO CRACKLE.)

2. *Int. Think Tank. Corridor.*

(CHRIS AND THE DOCTOR AND K9
PLUNGE ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

RUMBLES AND CRACKLES CAN BE HEARD
FROM BEHIND.

THEY REACH THE AIRLOCK.

ALARMS ARE RINGING ALL OVER THE
PLACE.

THE SET IS SHAKING.

THE AIRLOCK DOOR SEEMS TO BE
JAMMED.

THE DOCTOR USES HIS SONIC
SCREWDRIVER TO OPEN IT. THEY LEAP
THROUGH AND THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND
THEM.)

3. *Int. Think Tank. Main Chamber.*

(KRARG NOW TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL.
THE SET SHAKING. FIRES (IF WE CAN
MANAGE THEM) HAVE BROKEN OUT.)

4. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Corridor.*

(THE DOCTOR, CHRIS AND K9 RUSH UP
THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE CONTROL
ROOM.)

5. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control.*

(ALARMS GOING)

SHIP: Emergency, emergency. Imminent explosion in our vicinity. Emergency escape procedures will be followed.

(THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS, K9 RUSHING IN.)

THE DOCTOR: Well just stop nattering and get on with it.

(THEY ARE THROWN ABOUT VIOLENTLY BY THE EMERGENCY THRUST OF THE ENGINES.)

Not that way! I told you how to do it!
Dematerialise!

TELECINE 1:

Model Shot

Skagra's ship moving away from the space station.

The space station explodes spectacularly.

The ship dematerialises in the nick of time.

6. *Int. Skagra's Ship. Main Control.*

THE DOCTOR: Good, you're learning.
Which is more than we're doing.

CHRIS: What do you mean?

THE DOCTOR: We're still no nearer finding Skagra.

CHRIS: What do you think we should do?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know.

CHRIS: Well, try looking on the bright side.

THE DOCTOR: I have. There's nothing there. Now listen to me, ship!

SHIP: I hear you.

THE DOCTOR: Good. Now I'm going to ask you once again. Where is your Lord Skagra?

SHIP: He did not reveal his destination to me.

THE DOCTOR: But you must have some idea.

SHIP: I am a computer. I do not have ideas. I obey instructions.

THE DOCTOR: So you've no idea where he's gone.

SHIP: I do not.

THE DOCTOR: Doesn't the wretched man have a home to go to?

SHIP: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: He has?

SHIP: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: Then why didn't you tell me?

SHIP: You didn't ask.

THE DOCTOR: But . . . Will you please take us there?

SHIP: Doctor, much of my circuitry feels uneasy about continuing to accept instructions from a dead man.

THE DOCTOR: Well just tell it not to worry. I'm sure your Lord Skagra will be very anxious to pay his last respects to me.

SHIP: Instructions accepted.

THE DOCTOR: (TO CHRIS) I do hate computers. They're so literal minded. Aren't they K9?

K9: Master?

7. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

(THE PROFESSOR IS FIDDLING WITH A DISMANTLED BIT OF HIS CONSOLE.

CLARE STANDING WITH A HANDFUL OF EQUIPMENT THAT SHE CLEARLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND.)

CLARE: I don't even know what I'm meant to be doing.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Somehow we have to get this old jalopy on the move again.

CLARE: Well it certainly moved when I touched it.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: A spasm. A mere spasm. I pray it wasn't a dying spasm, because it has left us jammed between two irrational time interfaces. Time is moving away from us. Trouble is, if we do manage to untangle ourselves, unless I'm very careful I may cease to exist again.

CLARE: I don't understand.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Do what I do.

CLARE: What's that?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Try not to think about it. (HE PAUSES) That man must not get to Shada! He must not find Salyavin!

CLARE: Who is this Salyavin person?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Salyavin is ... was ... a criminal. Of sorts. Yes, he was a criminal. But the stories of his exploits were, well, exaggerated. He was just a hot headed brilliant young man with a rather peculiar ... Ah! I can't fix this.

CLARE: Can I help?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Difficult, very difficult. To repair the interfacial resonator needs two operations performed absolutely simultaneously, and to be honest my dear you don't have the knowledge. It is highly specialised, and ... well ...

CLARE: We're stuck.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Yes.

CLARE: I can learn. I'm very quick.

(CHRONOTIS STARES AT HER IN A STRANGE WAY. SEVERAL THOUGHTS SEEM TO BE GOING THROUGH HIS MIND. RELUCTANTLY HE DISMISSES THEM AND LOOKS AWAY.)

What's the matter?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Listen to me. Listen very carefully. What I am about to do you are never to speak

of. I do it this once only - though
I swore to myself I would never ...

CLARE: What are you talking about?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Do I have your
promise?

CLARE: But what are you going to do?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Do I have your
promise?

CLARE: Yes, yes alright.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Then prepare
yourself.

CLARE: What for?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: What are those
pieces of equipment you are holding
in your hand?

CLARE: I ... I've no idea.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Good.

(HE SINKS HIS FACE DOWN INTO HIS
HANDS AND CONCENTRATES SO HARD IT
HURTS.

THEN SLOWLY HE LOOKS BACK UP AT
HER WITH A STRANGE FIERCE LIGHT
GLOWING IN HIS EYES.

CLARE IS TERRIFIED AND TAKES A
STEP BACKWARDS.)

CLARE: What ... what are you doing to
me?

(BCU HIS EYES, THEN HER EYES.

THE MOMENT PASSES, THE TENSION
DROPS.)

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Now. What are
those pieces of equipment?

CLARE: These? The conceptual geometer relay, the agronomic trigger and a totally defunct field separator. But we can dispense with that if we get the interfacial resonator working again.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Good. Then let's do that shall we?

(ASTONISHMENT CATCHES UP WITH CLARE.)

CLARE: But how did that happen?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Never speak of it. I don't want to force you to forget.

CLARE: What?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Come on. There is much work to be done.

8. Model Shot.

(THE KRARG CARRIER SHIP, SKAGRA'S SHIP MATERIALISES NEXT TO IT.)

9. Int. Generation Annexe. In Krarg Carrier.

(A KRARG IS JUST IN THE FINAL STAGE OF CREATION, WATCHED OVER BY THE KRARG COMMANDER.

AS THE NEW KRARG RISES OUT OF THE VAT, THE KRARG COMMANDER GOES OUT TO REPORT TO SKAGRA.)

9A. Int. Krarg Carrier Ship. Command Deck.

(THERE ARE SEVERAL KRARGS
WANDERING ABOUT.

ROMANA IN A CORNER UNDER GUARD.

THE KRARG COMMANDER ENTERS FROM
THE GENERATION ANNEXE, TO SKAGRA.)

SKAGRA: Well?

KRARG COMMANDER: We have a full
complement, my Lord.

SKAGRA: Good. Then let us go.

(CLOSE UP ON ROMANA.

A FINGER TAPS HER ON THE SHOULDER.

SHE LOOKS ROUND, AND IS STARTLED
TO SEE THE DOCTOR.)

ROMANA: (STARTLED WHISPER) Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: Shhh!

ROMANA: How did you get here?

THE DOCTOR: These kind people brought
me.

(PULL BACK TO REVEAL THAT HE AND
CHRIS ARE UNDER GUARD AS WELL FROM
THE KRARGS.

K9 IS WITH THEM AS WELL, BUT IS
NOT BLASTING ANYONE BECAUSE OF
WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME.

SKAGRA SEES THEM.)

SKAGRA: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: Ah, hello there.

SKAGRA: I am ... a little surprised to
find you here.

THE DOCTOR: Your ship was a little surprised to find itself bringing me.

SKAGRA: You stole my ship?

THE DOCTOR: Only after you stole mine.
Ah, there she is. I hope you've been looking after her. May I check? If you've been over-revving her in third phase ...

(HE IS FORCIBLY RESTRAINED FROM APPROACHING THE TARDIS.)

SKAGRA: I am curious to know how you survived the treatment of my sphere.

THE DOCTOR: It only looks for what it expects to find. I made it look for the wrong things. We Time Lords have highly trained minds.

SKAGRA: So I am aware, Doctor. If you have come here in the hope of interfering with my great purpose, I am afraid you will be ...

THE DOCTOR: Great purpose! Ha!

SKAGRA: Yes, Doctor, the very greatest purpose.

THE DOCTOR: I know what you want to do, you old slyboots. You want to take over the Universe don't you? I've met your sort before. Any moment now a mad gleam will come into your eye and you'll start shouting 'the Universe shall be mine!'

(SKAGRA LOOKS AT HIM QUIZZICALLY.
HE IS CLEARLY DEVOID OF ANY MAD GLEAM AND IS NOT GOING TO SHOUT.)

SKAGRA: How naive, Doctor. How pathetically limited your vision is.

THE DOCTOR: Limited?

SKAGRA: (SCORNFULLY) 'Take over the Universe'. How childish. Who could possibly want to take over the Universe?

THE DOCTOR: Exactly! That's what I keep on trying to tell people. It's a troublesome place, difficult to administer, and as a piece of real estate, it's worthless because by definition there'd be no one to sell it to.

SKAGRA: Such visions are for infants. My purpose is to fulfil the natural evolutionary goal of all life.

THE DOCTOR: Oh yes?

SKAGRA: With the aid of this sphere I shall make the whole of creation merge into one single mind, one godlike entity.

THE DOCTOR: You will?

SKAGRA: The Universe, Doctor, shall not, as you so crudely put it, be mine. The Universe shall be *me*!

THE DOCTOR: Have you discussed this with anyone? Why don't you send one of your Krargs to make some tea; we can sit down and ...

SKAGRA: Doctor, your inane witterings do not interest me. This will happen. It will start within hours. Once started nothing you or anyone

can do will stop it. (TO THE KRARGS)
Take them away, lock them up, melt
down the key.

(KRARGS TAKE THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS,
K9 FOLLOWING.)

THE DOCTOR TRIES TO MAKE FOR THE
TARDIS.)

THE DOCTOR: Run!

(THEY ARE EASILY HEADED OFF BY THE
KRARGS.)

SKAGRA: Then kill them!

(THE KRARGS DRAW THEIR WEAPONS.

ROMANA TRIES TO RUN TOWARDS THE
DOCTOR, BUT IS FIERCELY CLASPED BY
A KRARG.

THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS AND K9 RUSH
TOWARDS AN OPEN DOOR AND GO OUT
THROUGH IT.)

11. Int. Krarg Carrier Ship. Corridors.

(THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS RUNNING, K9
HURRYING BEHIND.)

THE DOCTOR: Clever feint don't you
think? Making them think I was
trying to get to the Tardis.

CHRIS: What were you trying to do?

THE DOCTOR: Get to the Tardis?

CHRIS: Where are we?

THE DOCTOR: Lost. Keep moving.

(KRARGS APPEAR BEHIND THEM,
BLASTING.

PURSUIT AS DIRECTED.)

12. *Int. Krarg Carrier Ship. Main Deck*

SKAGRA: They will be caught and
destroyed.

KRARG COMMANDER: What do you want to
do with this one, my Lord? (I.E.
ROMANA.)

SKAGRA: She will come with us to
Shada. Enough time has been taken.
We will leave now.

(HE GOES OVER TO THE TARDIS AND
OPENS THE DOOR.)

Come.

13. *Int. KRARG CARRIER SHIP. CORRIDORS.*

(THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS AND K9 BEING
CHASED BY KRARGS AS DIRECTED.

THEY FIND AN ALCOVE AND TRY TO
HIDE IN IT.)

CHRIS: Doctor, that man must be mad,
mustn't he?

THE DOCTOR: Madness, sanity, it's all
just a matter of opinion.

CHRIS: What's your opinion?

THE DOCTOR: He must be mad. But
infinitely dangerous.

CHRIS: You mean he's serious? He can
do all that?

THE DOCTOR: It's possible.

K9: Master. Krargs approaching.

THE DOCTOR: Then stay quiet.

K9: Permission to blast them, Master.

THE DOCTOR: No! You remember what happened last time. Just stay quiet.

(KRARGS COME LUMBERING DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

THEY PASS THE HIDING PLACE.

THEY CARRY ON IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.)

They've gone. Right. Back the way we came. Quietly!

(THEY EMERGE AND START BACK DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

VERY FAINTLY THEY HEAR THE TARDIS NOISE.)

Shhh!

CHRIS: What?

THE DOCTOR: That.

CHRIS: The Tardis? Surprised we can hear it from here.

THE DOCTOR: Something odd about it. Come on.

(SUDDENLY A BLAST FROM A KRARG GUN SLAMS PAST THEM.

THE KRARGS WHO PASSED THEM ARE COMING BACK.)

Come on! Run!

(KRARGS START TO RUN AT THEM FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION TOO.

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN A T-JUNCTION.)

CHRIS: We tried this before. It's a dead end!

THE DOCTOR: Then we're trapped.

(NEVERTHELESS THEY KEEP RUNNING.
AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR IS AN
OLD WOODEN DOOR.)

CHRIS: This wasn't here before.

THE DOCTOR: Get in!

(THEY OPEN THE DOOR, RUN IN AND
SLAM THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.)

14. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.*

(THE DOCTOR, CHRIS AND K9 HAVE
JUST RUSHED IN.

THE PROFESSOR IS STANDING AT THE
CONSOLE, CLARE SITTING ON THE SOFA
FIDDLING WITH A PIECE OF EQUIPMENT
AND SIPPING A CUP OF TEA.)

THE DOCTOR: (DUMBFOUNDED) Professor!

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Cup of tea?

15. *Int. Krarg Carrier Ship. Corridor.*

(KRARGS ARRIVE AT THE WOODEN DOOR
AND TRY TO OPEN IT.

THEY CAN'T.

THEY TRY TO BLAST IT. IT HEEDS
THEM NOT.)

16. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

(THE DOCTOR AND CHRIS LOOKING
DUMBFOUNDED STILL.)

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: We came to the right place. Good. I'm so pleased.

THE DOCTOR: How ... er ...?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: My Tardis.

Strictly unofficial of course, I'm not really meant to have one. How better to hide it than by living in it.

CLARE: Chris, are you alright?

CHRIS: How am I supposed to know? How did you get here?

CLARE: Ask the Professor.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Doctor. Where is Skagra?

THE DOCTOR: Out there in the ship.

He's got Romana. And the Tardis.

Professor, I thought you were dead.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: My dear fellow, so did I. Now listen, if Skagra has the book and your Tardis he can get to Shada - and he must be stopped!

THE DOCTOR: Shada!

(THE DOCTOR'S TRYING TO FORCE A MEMORY FORWARD.)

Shada?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: The Time Lords' prison planet. You have probably forgotten about it.

THE DOCTOR: Forgotten? Yes ... yes I had. Shada! The prison planet. Now why should I have ... Salyavin! Salyavin was imprisoned on Shada! Skagra needs Salyavin!

CHRIS: Why? Who is Salyavin?

THE DOCTOR: A criminal. Imprisoned centuries ago by the Time Lords. A man with unique mental powers. He had the ability to project his mind into other people, simply take them over.

CHRIS: That's what Skagra's doing.

THE DOCTOR: No! It's precisely the opposite! He can steal minds out of people - he can't put minds into them. That's what he needs. That's why he wants Salyavin in his sphere. That's why he's going to Shada. Shada. Why had I forgotten about Shada?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: He must not get there, Doctor.

(CLARE IS STARING AT THE
PROFESSOR.)

17. *Int. Tardis.*

(SKAGRA STANDING BY THE CONSOLE
WITH THE BOOK.

ROMANA GUARDED BY KRARGS.

SKAGRA TURNING THE PAGES OF THE
BOOK.

THE CENTRAL COLUMN IS MOVING, NOT
MAKING ITS USUAL SOUND OF AN
ELEPHANT IN CHILDBIRTH BUT A DEEP
ALMOST MELODIC RISING AND FALLING
HUM.

THE PAGE TURNING AND THE COLUMN

SHOULD BE TIMED SO THAT WE MAKE IT
CLEAR THAT THE ONE IS AFFECTING
THE OTHER.)

SKAGRA: The key turns slowly in the
lock. The door to Shada opens.

(HE STARTS TO TURN THE PAGES MORE
QUICKLY.)

18. Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.

THE DOCTOR: With that power, Skagra's
mind and Salyavin's together in the
sphere, Skagra will be unstoppable.

CHRIS: But you really mean he could
move himself into every mind in the
Universe?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Eventually. It would
take thousands of years, but that
wouldn't matter - his mind would be
immortal. It would spread like a
disease.

CHRIS: It's quite a thought though.
Every mind working together as a
single organism, a single mind.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Skagra's mind. Not a
pleasant thought.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Doctor, we
must ...

THE DOCTOR: Stop him getting to Shada,
yes, I know. But we can't. He'll be
on his way already. And we don't
know where it is.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Then we must
follow him.

CHRIS: In this?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: The same way that I arrived here. We follow the space time trail of the Tardis.

THE DOCTOR: Then let's get moving shall we?

19. Int. Reception Area. Shada.

(SMALL, DARK, IN SOME DARK COLOUR, SUCH AS RED.

DIMLY LIT WITH POOLS OF LIGHT, AN AIR OF DECAY. COBWEBS.

CORRIDORS LEAD DIMLY OFF IT.

THE TARDIS' MATERIALISES.

THE DOOR OPENS.

SKAGRA EMERGES. FOLLOWED BY THE KRARGS, FROGMARCHING ROMANA.)

SKAGRA: Shada!

ROMANA: It looks horrid.

SKAGRA: It was built by your race. A prison planet.

ROMANA: I hope you feel at home.

SKAGRA: Keep her silent.

(THE KRARGS TIGHTEN THEIR GRIP ON HER.

SKAGRA GOES OVER TO A CENTRAL CONSOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AREA. HE BRUSHES THE DUST OFF IT.)

The index.

(SKAGRA PRESSES A FEW BUTTONS. THE MACHINE WHIRRS. HE SEES A READOUT ON THE MACHINE.

READOUT:

'RUNGAR, WAR CRIMES

SEC. 5/JL.

SENTENCE IN PERP.

CAB. 45, CHAM. S.

SABJATRIC: MASS MURDER

SEC. 7/PY.

SENTENCE IN PERP.

CAB. 73, CHAM. L.

SALYAVIN: MIND CRIMES

SEC. 245/XR.

SENTENCE IN PERP.

CAB. 9, CHAM. T.')

Salyavin! Chamber T, Cabinet 9.

(HE PRESSES ANOTHER BUTTON, AND A
DIM LIGHT LIGHTS OVER ONE OF THE
CORRIDOR ENTRANCES: CHAMBERS
R:S:T:V.)

Two of you guard this machine. You,
bring the girl. Come, you shall meet
the great Salyavin.

(HE, WITH ONE KRARG AND ROMANA GO
OFF INTO THE CORRIDOR, LEAVING TWO
KRARGS BY THE TARDIS.)

20. *Int. Shada Corridor.*

(AGAIN, DARK AND DANK.

SKAGRA, ROMANA AND KRARG PASS DOWN
THE CORRIDOR.)

SKAGRA: This is where your precious
Time Lords used to put the criminals
they simply wanted to forget about.

ROMANA: I've never even heard of it.

SKAGRA: Obviously you forget very thoroughly on Gallifrey.

(AHEAD OF THEM THE TUNNEL BRANCHES.

A DIM LIGHT LIGHTS UP - (T).)

This way.

(AFTER THEY HAVE PASSED, THERE IS A QUIETISH TARDIS GRATING NOISE AND THE WOODEN DOOR MATERIALISES IN THE WALL.)

21. Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.

THE DOCTOR: We've arrived.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Then Skagra will be here already. We must hurry.

(THE DOCTOR GETTING SLIGHTLY ODD FEELINGS ABOUT THE PROFESSOR'S BEHAVIOUR.)

THE DOCTOR: Yes, Professor, I know.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Hurry!

(HE GOES TO THE DOOR.)

THE DOCTOR: Come on, K9. But don't shoot any Krargs unless it's absolutely essential.

(CHRIS AND CLARE MAKE TO FOLLOW THEM.)

No. You two stay behind.

CHRIS: But ...

THE DOCTOR: Stay here.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Hurry.

(THE DOCTOR, PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS AND K9 LEAVE.)

22. *Int. Shada Corridor.*

(THEY EMERGE THROUGH THE DOOR.)

THE DOCTOR: The Tardis must be in this direction.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: But Skagra will have gone in this direction. (THE OTHER WAY.)

THE DOCTOR: How do you know?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: I ... heard footsteps.

THE DOCTOR: If I can get to the Tardis first we can stop Skagra getting it back. He'll have no escape.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: But it is imperative we find him before he finds Salyavin.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but let's just exercise a little strategy shall we?

23. *Int. Shada. Main Chamber.*

(SET INTO ONE WALL IS A LARGE ARRAY OF TRANSLUCENT DOORS.

(MODEL)

BEHIND THE DOORS WE ARE AWARE OF THE SHAPES OF ASSORTED CRIMINALS.

SKAGRA, ROMANA AND A KRARG ARE THERE.)

SKAGRA: The prisoners of Shada, each one in his own separate cryogenic cell. Alive, but frozen. In perpetual imprisonment. (SARCASTICALLY) A very humane solution don't you think?

ROMANA: Don't look at me. I'm not answerable for the Time Lords.

SKAGRA: You are a Time Lord?

ROMANA: Yes, but ...

SKAGRA: No matter. Time Lords will soon be irrelevant. Before I find Salyavin I shall release some of these. They can be the first to participate in the new Universal mind.

(HE GOES TO A CONSOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS CHAMBER AND PRESSES SOME BUTTONS.

IN SEVERAL OF THE CELLS GAS SWIRLS AROUND, THEN THE CELL DOORS OPEN AND THE PRISONERS STEP OUT, VERY GROGGILY AND ZOMBIE-LIKE.)

24. Int. Professor Chronotis' Rooms.

(CHRIS AND CLARE)

CHRIS: Odd the way some days work out isn't it? I mean there I was ...

CLARE: Chris, there's something very strange about the Professor ...

CHRIS: Why single out the Professor? I want to know what's going on out there.

CLARE: Chris ...

CHRIS: I don't like being left behind. Just because we come from Earth doesn't give everyone the right to be patronising to us.

(HE EXAMINES THE ROOM'S CONSOLE.)

Admittedly, all this does make us look a bit primitive doesn't it? Have you the remotest idea how it works?

CLARE: Yes.

CHRIS: (VERY SURPRISED) You do?

CLARE: Yes. Or ... or at least I did for a few minutes.

CHRIS: What do you mean?

CLARE: It's something the Professor did to me. To my mind. That's what I'm trying to tell you. There's something very strange about him.

25. Int. Shada. Main Chamber.

(NOW THERE ARE QUITE A FEW ZOMBIE-LIKE PRISONERS STANDING ABOUT, IN OTHER WORDS AS MANY AS WE CAN AFFORD.)

SKAGRA: Enough. Their consciousness will soon return and we must be ready for them.

26. Int. Shada Corridor.

(AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR, THE DOCTOR PEERS ROUND INTO THE RECEPTION AREA AND SEES THE TARDIS GUARDED BY KRARGS.)

THE DOCTOR: So much for strategy.

(HE RETREATS BACK DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO WHERE CHRONOTIS IS.)

THE PROFESSOR IS DISTINCTLY JUMPY.)
Alright, we'll do it your way. Come on.
PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: By all the suns I
hope we're not too late.

(THEY HURRY DOWN THE CORRIDOR.)

K9 ...

K9: Professor?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Be alert. If
Skagra tries to use the sphere on
... on anyone you must destroy it.

K9: Affirmative.

THE DOCTOR: I rather hope we're going
to destroy it anyway.

27. *Int. Shada. Main Chamber.*

(AS EACH OF THE PRISONERS IS TAKEN
OUT OF HIS DOOR, ANOTHER CUBICLE
SLIDES IN BEHIND THE DOOR TO
REPLACE IT.

WE SEE THIS HAPPENING CLOSE UP ON
ONE DOOR.

THERE IS, AS USUAL A FIGURE
INSIDE, DIMLY VISIBLE.)

SKAGRA: Cabinet Nine. There he is. The
man I have spent my life finding.
The man whose mind will reshape the
entire Universe. Salyavin. Let us
release him.

(SKAGRA GOES TO PRESS THE
APPROPRIATE BUTTON.

THE DOCTOR, PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS
AND K9 BURST IN.)

THE DOCTOR: No, Skagra, stop!

ROMANA: Doctor!

SKAGRA: Keep away from here!

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: (HURRYING FORWARD
TO THE CONSOLE) You must not press
that button!

(THE KRARG FIRES A WARNING BLAST
WHICH KEEPS THEM BACK.)

SKAGRA: You are too late.

(HE PRESSES THE BUTTON.)

Salyavin is released.

(BEHIND THE GLASS DOOR THE GAS
SWIRLS.

THE DOOR OPENS.

NO ONE STEPS OUT.

SKAGRA LOOKS NONPLUSSED. HE GOES
TO THE CABINET.

THE DOCTOR AND PROFESSOR MAKE TO
FOLLOW.)

Keep back.

(HE REACHES INSIDE FOR THE FIGURE
STILL SLUMPED THERE.

AN APPALLED LOOK PASSES OVER HIS
FACE.

HE PULLS THE FIGURE OUT. IT IS
MERELY A ROUGHLY BUILT DUMMY.)

Salyavin! Where is Salyavin!

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: I escaped
centuries ago.

28. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room*
(CHRIS AND CLARE)

CHRIS: You mean he just entered your mind?

CLARE: Yes. It was as if he just walked through the front door and started re-arranging things.

CHRIS: But the Doctor said that ability was unique to the guy Skagra's come here to find.

CLARE: Yes, I know.

CHRIS: I'm not sitting around anymore. Come on, let's go and see what's happening.

29. *Int. Shada Corridor.*

(CHRIS AND CLARE EMERGE FROM THE WOODEN DOOR AND START DOWN THE CORRIDOR.)

CHRIS: Come on, quietly now.

30. *Int. Shada. Main Chamber.*

SKAGRA: You!

THE DOCTOR: You're Salyavin?

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Yes, I am. That's why I wanted no one to come here. I wanted to live my life out in peace. To forget the stupidities of my past, forget this hateful power. I have suppressed it for years, except where it was necessary to cover my tracks. Now, go, Skagra, leave me in peace, forget this insanity.

SKAGRA: No, Salyavin. I have you here,
I have everything I need.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS: Do not force me
to use my power on you, Skagra.

(SUDDENLY THE DOCTOR SEES THAT THE
SPHERE HAS BEEN IDLY DRIFTING
ABOUT THE ROOM AND IS ABOUT TO
SETTLE ON THE PROFESSOR.)

THE DOCTOR: K9! The sphere! Shoot it!

(K9 SHOOTS THE SPHERE. IT
INSTANTLY SHATTERS INTO MANY
PIECES, EACH OF WHICH IMMEDIATELY
FORM NEW SPHERES.

ONE OF THEM INSTANTLY ATTACHES
ITSELF TO THE PROFESSOR WHO SINKS
TO HIS KNEES WITH A HOWL OF PAIN.

THE OTHERS HEAD THE DOCTOR OFF.)

SKAGRA: Now, Doctor, stay very, very
still.

(THE KRARG DELIBERATELY TIGHTENS
HIS GRIP ON ROMANA WHO YELPS WITH
PAIN.)

SKAGRA: You shall see the beginning of
the Universal mind.

(THE SPHERE WHICH HAS ATTACHED
ITSELF TO THE PROFESSOR LEAVES HIM
SLUMPED ON THE FLOOR AND JOINS THE
OTHER SPHERES.

THERE IS A DISCHARGE BETWEEN THEM,
THEN EACH SPHERE GOES AND ATTACHES
ITSELF TO A PRISONER.)

31. *Int. Shada Corridor.*

(CHRIS AND CLARE REACH THE
ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN CHAMBER AND
SURREPTITIOUSLY PEER IN.

THEY SEE THAT AS THE SPHERES
ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE PRISONERS
THEY APPEAR TO WAKE UP.

SKAGRA SMILES. THEY ALL SMILE.

SKAGRA TURNS TO FACE THE DOCTOR.
THEY ALL TURN.)

CHRIS: No!

(HE RUSHES FORWARD.)

32. *Int. Shada Main Chamber.*

(CHRIS RUSHES IN.

SKAGRA AND THE PRISONERS ALL
GLANCE TOWARDS HIM.)

SKAGRA: Sphere!

(A SPHERE SAILS OVER AND ATTACHES
ITSELF TO CHRIS.

HE TRIES TO RESIST, BUT IN A
SECOND HE IS TAKEN OVER.

HE JOINS THE RANKS OF THE
PRISONERS.)

SKAGRA: Now, Doctor, we will deal with you.

(THE PRISONERS INCLUDING CHRIS
ADVANCE ON THE DOCTOR.)

SUPOSE CAM: *Roll*

End

Credits

FADE OUT

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Rehearsal Script
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Project No: 02349/2806
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'DOCTOR WHO'

SERIAL 5M

'SHADA'

EPISODE SIX

Producer	GRAHAM WILLIAMS
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Script Editor	DOUGLAS ADAMS
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Make-up Artist	KIM BURNS

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'DOCTOR WHO' - EPISODE SIX: 'SHADA'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR

ROMANA

K9

CHRIS PARSONS

CLARE

SKAGRA

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS

COLLEGE PORTER FILM/STUDIO

POLICEMAN FILM/STUDIO

SHIP VOICE ONLY

KRARGS NON-SPEAKING

PRISONERS NON-SPEAKING

SETS:

Professor Chronotis' Rooms.

Skagra's Spacecraft: Main Control.

Corridor.

Brig.

Int. Tardis: Main Control.

Equipment Room.

Corridor.

Krarg Carrier Ship: Command Deck.

Generation Annexe.

Corridors.

Shada: Main Reception.

Main Chamber.

Corridor.

Vortex.

LOCATION: Ext. College.

MODELS:

Skagra's Ship.

Krarg Carrier Ship.

Professor Chronotis' Rooms.

Ext. Tardis.

'DOCTOR WHO'

'SHADA'

EPISODE SIX

TELECINE:

SUPOSE CAM: *Opening*
Titles:

END TELECINE.

(REPRISE END OF EPISODE FIVE.
CHRIS GETS DONE BY THE SPHERE, AND
THE PRISONERS ADVANCE ON THE
DOCTOR.)

Int. Shada Main Chamber.

(DOCTOR BACKING AWAY FROM THE
ADVANCING GROUP OF PRISONERS.)

THE DOCTOR: K9!

(K9 FIRES AT THE PRISONERS.
ONE OF THEM COLLAPSES, STUNNED.
THE OTHERS CONTINUE THEIR
ADVANCE.

THE KRARG, SEEING K9 ABOUT TO
BLAST AGAIN, LUMBERS OVER TOWARDS
HIM.

K9 TURNS TO FACE HIM,
HIS BLASTER COMING OUT.)

No, K9, don't fire at it!

(THE KRARG PICKS UP K9 AND HURLS
HIM FROM THE CHAMBER THROUGH THE
DOOR.

TO DO THIS INVOLVES LETTING GO OF
ROMANA.)

Romana! Run!

(SHE DUCKS ROUND THE KRARG
RETURNING TO GET HER.

SHE AND THE DOCTOR BELT OUT OF THE
DOOR.)

2. Int. Shada Corridor.

(THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA RUN OUT
INTO THE CORRIDOR, ALMOST
COLLIDING WITH CLARE.)

THE DOCTOR: (FIERCELY) I told you to
stay in the room.

CLARE: Yes but ...

THE DOCTOR: Come on.

CLARE: But Chris ...

THE DOCTOR: Come on!

(MEANWHILE ROMANA HAS PUT K9 BACK
ON HIS FEET.)

K9: Thank you, Mistress.

THE DOCTOR: To the Tardis!

(THEY ALL RUN UP THE CORRIDOR TO
THE RECEPTION AREA, PASSING THE
WOODEN DOOR ON THE WAY.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR
THEY MEET KRARGS COMING TO
INVESTIGATE WHAT'S HAPPENING.

THEY TURN BACK AND GO INTO THE
WOODEN DOOR.

THEY SLAM IT BEHIND THEM, JUST AS
BOLTS FROM THE KRARG'S GUNS START
TO HIT IT.)

3. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

(THE DOCTOR, ROMANA, CLARE AND K9.)

CLARE: Doctor, Skagra's got Chris.
He's taken him over!

THE DOCTOR: I know.

CLARE: Well what are we going to do?

THE DOCTOR: Will you let me think
please?

ROMANA: He's beaten us on every
point.

THE DOCTOR: Shhh.

ROMANA: Well he has, hasn't he.

THE DOCTOR: Yes he's got Chris, yes
he's beaten us at every point, now
will you let me think.

ROMANA: Just trying to help.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

(THEY FALL SILENT FOR A MOMENT.)

It's no good.

ROMANA: What?

THE DOCTOR: Thinking about it just
makes me depressed. Already Skagra's

little zombie gang have got the brain power of some of the greatest intellects of the Universe shared out amongst them.

ROMANA: What?

THE DOCTOR: The think tank.

ROMANA: The who?

THE DOCTOR: Never mind. Just believe me, all the minds that Skagra has stolen are now mixed together with Skagra's and operating as one.

ROMANA: All of them?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, and with the Professor's mind ... Salyavin's mind in there too ...

ROMANA: Did you say all of them?

THE DOCTOR: Yes I did. They can now take control of anybody, of every body. They'll be invincible.

ROMANA: But Doctor, don't you see what that means?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Skagra's grand plan will work. With every new mind that gets thrown in the melting pot they get stronger and stronger, till all life forms eventually merge into one new life form. Skagra as God. It doesn't bear thinking about.

ROMANA: No, listen Doctor. If all the minds that have been stolen so far are in the melting pot, then that means yours is too.

THE DOCTOR: Romana. There's something I want you to do for me.

ROMANA: What?

(THE DOCTOR TAKES A SMALL BADGE
OUT OF HIS POCKET.

HE GIVES IT TO ROMANA.)

THE DOCTOR: I want you to wear this.

(HE PINS IT ON HER.

THE BADGE READS 'I AM A GENIUS'.)

Now will you let me think?

(ROMANA SMILES AT HIM.)

3A. *Int. Shada Corridor.*

(SKAGRA AND HIS BAND HURRY ALONG
TOWARDS THE RECEPTION AREA.

THEY COME ACROSS A COUPLE OF KRARGS
TRYING TO BATTER DOWN THE WOODEN
DOOR WITHOUT SUCCESS.)

SKAGRA: What is this?

KRARG: The Doctor is in there, My
Lord.

SKAGRA: In there?

KRARG: We think it is some kind of
travelling machine. We have tried to
open it, but it stands up to
everything.

SKAGRA: (PONDERES FOR A MOMENT, THEN
SMILES) The Doctor. A poor little
man. A pinprick on an irrelevancy.
Let him amuse himself with his
tricks. They are merely the tiny
antics of an insect threatened with
inevitable extinction. We will go.

(THEY MARCH ON DOWN THE CORRIDOR.)

4. *Int. Shada Reception Area.*

(SKAGRA ET AL EMERGE FROM THE
CORRIDOR AND APPROACH THE TARDIS.
SKAGRA OPENS IT.)

SKAGRA: Come.

(THEY ENTER.)

5. *Int. Tardis.*

(SKAGRA ET AL TROOP IN.)

SKAGRA: We will return to the carrier
ship. From there a fleet of small
craft will take each of us to
selected centres of population and
the great mind revolution will
begin.

(HE APPROACHES THE CONTROL CONSOLE.)

6. *Int. Shada Reception Area.*

(TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.)

6A. *Int. Shada Corridor.*

(THE WOODEN DOOR.
ESTABLISH.)

7. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

THE DOCTOR: It'll be tricky.

ROMANA: And dangerous.

THE DOCTOR: A mite.

ROMANA: Doctor, it'll be terribly dangerous for you. You'll stand as much chance as a ... as a ...

THE DOCTOR: Your similes letting you down?

ROMANA: Yes. There isn't anything that stands as little chance as you will out there.

THE DOCTOR: Is that so? I must be terribly brave mustn't I?

ROMANA: It isn't funny Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Listen, I can do my part if you can do your part.

ROMANA: That's what I'm worried about.

THE DOCTOR: You'll be alright. You're a genius remember. Clare?

CLARE: Yes, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Hold very very tight.

8. *Int. Tardis.*

(SKAGRA IS MANIPULATING THE CONTROLS.)

9. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

(THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA STANDING AT THE CONTROLS.)

THE DOCTOR: Now!

(THEY THROW SWITCHES.)

10. *Int. Tardis.*

(ONE OF THE CONTROLS ON THE TARDIS HAS A MINOR EXPLOSION.

THIS STARTLES SKAGRA, WHO IMMEDIATELY STARTS TO TEST OTHER CONTROLS.)

SKAGRA: Something's wrong.

(HE TRIES A FEW MORE CONTROLS.)

Something's interfering with these controls. They're jammed.

KRARG: What is the cause, my Lord?

(SKAGRA THINKS.)

SKAGRA: There must be something out there in the Space Time Vortex with us. Something ...

(HE OPENS THE SHUTTER SCREEN.

CHRONOTIS'S COLLEGE ROOM IS FLOATING BESIDE THEM IN THE SPACE TIME VORTEX.)

The Doctor! In that absurd machine!

(THE FLOATING ROOM IS GENERATING SOME SORT OF FORCE FIELD.)

11. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

(THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA AT CONTROLS.)

THE DOCTOR: Got them! Well done Romana.

ROMANA: We haven't got to the hard bit yet.

THE DOCTOR: I know. We haven't got long either. You alright Clare?

CLARE: Yes. Yes I'm fine.

THE DOCTOR: Good. Come and hold down this switch. Whatever you do, don't let go of it. We're in for a rough ride.

12. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

(MODEL SHOT.

CHRONOTIS' ROOM AND TARDIS
FLOATING NEXT TO EACH OTHER WITH A
FORCE FIELD ENVELOPING BOTH OF
THEM.

THE TARDIS IS BUCKING ABOUT TRYING
TO ESCAPE.)

13. *Int. Tardis.*

SKAGRA: A foolish attempt Doctor. The force field is weakening already. In two minutes it will break and you will have achieved nothing.

14. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

(CLARE HAS TAKEN HOLD OF THE
SWITCH THE DOCTOR WAS HOLDING.

HE LETS GO OF IT.)

CLARE: What are you going to do
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Out there in the space
time vortex, time and distance have
no meaning. Inside here we are
protected by ...

ROMANA: Oh, get on with it Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Alright. Romana, I want you to turn off the Vortex Shields over here. Just in this small area.

(ROMANA FROWNS NERVOUSLY AS SHE IS ABOUT TO TOUCH THE CONTROLS.)

Come on. I showed you how to do it. Just a small piece of timelessness and spacelessness, here behind the sofa.

(ROMANA PUSHES A BUTTON.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM A SORT OF WHIRLWIND EFFECT APPEARS, PINCHING THE PICTURE UP.

THE SOFA DISAPPEARS INTO IT.)

Behind the sofa I said, not in the middle of it!

ROMANA: I'm sorry Doctor, it's very difficult.

THE DOCTOR: Focus it!

(ROMANA MANIPULATES MORE CONTROLS.

THE WHIRLWIND WHIPS ABOUT DANGEROUSLY.)

Steady now, steady! Just a single line.

(ROMANA FROWNS AND KEEPS TRYING.

IT SEEMS TO SETTLE DOWN.)

Good! Now hold it!

(HE EDGES TOWARDS IT.

SUDDENLY ITS TAIL WHIPS AT A SMALL OCCASIONAL TABLE WHICH ALSO VANISHES.)

Hold it!

ROMANA: I'm trying Doctor, I'm trying.

(IT SETTLES DOWN AGAIN.

IT IS A SINGLE SHIMMERING LINE.)

THE DOCTOR: Good. Now. This is a trick I learnt from an Ancient Time Mystic in the Qualactin Zones. He made it look terribly easy.

(WITH GREAT CONCENTRATION HE EDGES UP TO THE LINE, AND APPEARS TO SLIDE HIMSELF THROUGH IT, DISAPPEARING AS HE DOES SO.

WHEN HE HAS TOTALLY DISAPPEARED.)

CLARE: He did it!

ROMANA: Hold that switch down!

15. *Int. The Space Time Vortex.*

(A FANTASTIC REGION OF SWIRLING COLOURS AND SHAPES NOT ENTIRELY DISSIMILAR TO THE PROGRAMME'S TITLE SEQUENCE.

THE DOCTOR APPEARS IN IT.

AT FIRST HE IS SPINNING WILDLY AND OBVIOUSLY IN GREAT PAIN.

VERY SLOWLY HE ORIENTATES HIMSELF, FACES UP THE TUNNEL AND STARTS TO PULL HIMSELF SLOWLY ALONG IT.

EVERY NOW AND THEN HE STARTS TO SPIN AND IT TAKES GREAT CONCENTRATION FROM HIM TO STOP AND KEEP ON AN EVEN KEEL.

HE HALF CRAWLS HALF SWIMS UP THE
TUNNEL, PERHAPS EVEN PART RUNS.)

16. *Int. Tardis.*

(SKAGRA STILL WORKING THE
CONTROLS.)

SKAGRA: The field is fading fast. This
is a futile exercise Doctor.

17. *Professor Chronotis' Room.*

ROMANA: (VERY ALARMED) It won't hold
much longer. It's fading even faster
than the Doctor said it would, K9,
check out the sub neutron circuits.

(K9 ADVANCES QUICK.)

K9: Affirmative, Mistress.

(HE EXTENDS HIS PROBE INTO THE
BOTTOM PART OF THE CONSOLE.)

Detect circuit malfunction, Mistress.

18. *Int. The Space Time Vortex.*

(THE DOCTOR IN INCREASING
DIFFICULTY.

HE IS TRYING TO REACH A SHIMMERING
LINE IN THE DISTANCE UP THE
TUNNEL, SIMILAR TO THE ONE HE
SQUEEZED THROUGH IN SCENE
FOURTEEN.

HE REACHES IT, AND JUST MANAGES TO
GET PART OF HIS ARM THROUGH IT.)

19. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

K9: Impossible to effect repair in time available, Mistress.

ROMANA: Well hold it! Stop it deteriorating.

K9: Impossible to stop it Mistress. I can only slow down circuit deterioration.

ROMANA: The Doctor needs every second we can get him.

CLARE: This switch is heating up! I can't hold it!

ROMANA: You must! Keep it down!

CLARE: I can't, it's beginning to burn me!

20. *Int. The Vortex.*

(THE DOCTOR HAVING GREAT DIFFICULTY GETTING ANY FURTHER. IN FACT HE IS BEGINNING TO SLIDE BACKWARDS.)

21. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

CLARE: It's burning me!

ROMANA: Well hold it down with a pencil.

CLARE: I haven't got one.

(ROMANA LOOKS ABOUT.

THERE IS A PENCIL LYING ON A TABLE A FEW FEET AWAY.

SHE TRIES TO REACH OVER FOR IT
WHILST NOT LEAVING THE CONTROLS.)

ROMANA: I can't reach it, you'll have
to ...

(AT THAT MOMENT THERE IS A SMALL
EXPLOSION ON THE CONSOLE WHERE
CLARE IS HOLDING THE SWITCH AND
ANOTHER ONE WHERE K9 IS PLUGGED
IN.

THEY'RE THROWN ABOUT.)

It's broken!

22. Model Shot.

(THE ROOM AND THE TARDIS SPINNING
AWAY FROM EACH OTHER.)

23. Int. The Vortex.

(A SILENT SHOT.

THE DOCTOR SPINNING AND FALLING
WILDLY IN THE VORTEX.

THE VORTEX IS A SIGNIFICANTLY
DIFFERENT COLOUR.

THE DOCTOR SLOWLY VANISHES.)

24. Int. Tardis.

(SKAGRA IS FIGHTING THE CONTROLS.

TWO OR THREE OF THE PRISONERS,
INCLUDING CHRIS ARE ALSO OPERATING
CONTROLS AT THE CONSOLE, THEY ARE
WORKING TOGETHER AS A TEAM TO
BRING IT BACK UNDER CONTROL.)

SKAGRA: Good, we make an excellent team. A concert of the mind.

(SKAGRA SMILES IN TRIUMPH.

SO DO ALL THE PRISONERS IN UNISON.)

SKAGRA: Now that the Doctor has finished wasting our times with his foolish tricks, we can continue. We will shortly materialise in the carrier ship.

25. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

(ROMANA AND CLARE LOOKING VERY WORRIED.

ROMANA IS HELPING TO BANDAGE CLARE'S HAND.)

CLARE: I'm sorry, I did what I could.

ROMANA: It's not your fault. How's that?

CLARE: It's fine thanks. It wasn't a bad burn. What about the Doctor?

ROMANA: I don't know. It was a very dangerous idea, trying to make the crossing. And he didn't get as much time as he'd reckoned on. I just don't know.

CLARE: What'll we do?

ROMANA: We'll go ahead as planned anyway.

CLARE: Do you think he'll be alright?

ROMANA: We'll just go ahead as planned.

26. *Int. Small Equipment Room in Tardis.*

(BCU APPARENTLY UNCONSCIOUS DOCTOR.

HE SHUDDERS, AND SLOWLY OPENS HIS EYES.

HE LOOKS ABOUT AT THE ROOM.

THERE SHOULD BE NOTHING IN IT WHICH OPENLY PROCLAIMS TO THE AUDIENCE THAT WE ARE, IN THE TARDIS, IN FACT THE MORE UNCERTAIN THE AUDIENCE IS ABOUT WHERE THE DOCTOR IS, THE BETTER.

THE DOCTOR IS CLEARLY SATISFIED, HOWEVER.)

THE DOCTOR: Good.

(VERY QUIETLY HE STANDS UP.

HE IS CLEARLY ANXIOUS TO BE AS QUIET AS POSSIBLE, AND WHEN AT ONE STAGE HE KNOCKS SOMETHING OVER WITH A SLIGHT CLATTER, HE FREEZES NERVOUSLY.

HE RUMMAGES AROUND IN SHELVES, DRAWERS, CABINETS, ETC., FOR BITS OF EQUIPMENT.

THE DOCTOR FINDS ONE BIT HE'S LOOKING FOR.)

Good.

(ANOTHER BIT.)

Good.

(AND ANOTHER BIT.)

Good.

(THE LAST THING HE PICKED UP
SUDDENLY FALLS APART IN HIS HAND.)

Oh. Bad.

27. Int. Krarg Carrier. Command Deck.

(THE TARDIS MATERIALISES.

THE PRISONERS AND THE KRARGS TROOP
OUT.

SKAGRA FOLLOWS.

HE STANDS AND WATCHES THEM WITH
SATISFACTION. THEN HE TURNS TO THE
WIDE PANORAMIC SCREEN AND STARES
OUT AT THE STARS.)

SKAGRA: And soon, an infinite concert
of the mind ...

*28. Int. Small Equipment Room in
Tardis.*

(THE DOCTOR HAS ALMOST FINISHED
BUILDING A SORT OF HELMET AFFAIR,
STUCK TOGETHER HAPHAZARDLY WITH
BITS OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT.

ONE BIT STILL HAS TO BE ADDED,
WHICH IS THE PIECE WHICH CAME
APART IN HIS HAND EARLIER.

HE IS GIVING HIS ATTENTION TO
TRYING TO REPAIR IT.)

THE DOCTOR: If I can't get this bit to
work I may as well say good-bye to
the whole idea.

(HE FIDDLES WITH IT WITH HIS SONIC
SCREWDRIVER.)

Now. Once more.

(IT DOESN'T DO ANYTHING AT ALL.)

(GLUMLY) Goodbye idea.

(DESPONDENTLY HE TOSSES THE THING
ONTO A TABLE.

INSTANTLY IT STARTS TO BEEP.

THE DOCTOR REACTS WITH DELIGHTED
SURPRISE.)

Ah, hello again!

(HE PICKS IT UP.

IT STOPS BLEEPING.)

Oh.

(HE EXAMINES IT IN DISAPPOINTMENT.)

THE DOCTOR: You're just trying to
irritate me aren't you?

(HE FIDDLES AGAIN.)

Now why won't the wretched thing work?
I'll have to see if there's anything
else that will do.

(HE TOSSES IT ON TO THE TABLE
AGAIN.

THE THING STARTS TO BLEEP.)

(PICKING IT UP) You do that once more
and ...

(IT STOPPED AGAIN.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS PUZZLED. HE
DELIBERATELY PUTS IT ON THE TABLE
THIS TIME AND IT STARTS TO BLEEP.

HE LOOKS AT THE TABLE CAREFULLY,
WHICH IS A PAINTED METAL ONE.

HE TAKES THE DEVICE OFF, AND PUTS
IT BACK ON.

IT ONLY BEEPS WHEN IT'S TOUCHING
THE TABLE.)

Of course, Zinc and lead oxide.

(HE PICKS UP FROM SOMEWHERE A
SMALL LASER GUN. HE STARTS TO
ATTACK THE TABLE WITH IT.)

29. Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.

(K9'S PROBE IS IN THE WORKS OF THE
CONSOLE.)

K9: Repairs complete, Mistress.

ROMANA: Good, then we can go. Though I
hate to think what we're going to be
walking into if the Doctor hasn't
... Well, let's just do it.

(CLARE AND ROMANA GO TO THE
CONSOLE.)

*30. Int. Small Equipment Room in the
Tardis.*

(THE DOCTOR HAS CUT A CHUNK OUT OF
THE TABLE.

HE FIXES IT ONTO THE SIDE OF THE
MALFUNCTIONING DEVICE, WHICH THEN
BEEPS AWAY PERFECTLY.

HE FITS THE DEVICE ONTO THE
HELMET, WHERE WITH THE PIECE OF
TABLE STUCK ON IT, IT LOOKS
PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS.

HE LOOKS AT THE COMBINED EFFECT
AND FROWNS.)

THE DOCTOR: With that stuck on my head

it won't matter whether it works or not. They'll all be paralysed laughing at me.

(WARILY HE WALKS OUT OF THE EQUIPMENT ROOM.)

31. *Int. Tardis. Corridor.*

(CAUTIOUSLY THE DOCTOR MOVES ALONG IT, CLUTCHING HIS HELMET.)

32. *Int. Krarg Carrier. Command Deck.*

(ALL THE PRISONERS ARE LINED UP, IN FRONT OF SKAGRA WHO IS ADDRESSING THEM.

THE KRARG COMMANDER APPROACHES SKAGRA.)

SKAGRA: Are the ships ready?

KRARG: They are my Lord.

SKAGRA: Then from this moment mark the beginning of the new life, the new Universe ...

(IN A WALL, THE DOOR MATERIALISES. SKAGRA IS VERY IRRITATED.)

Doctor! This man is like an itching flea on my skin. We will eliminate him once and for all! Come. We will meet him.

(THE PRISONERS LINE UP IN A SEMI-CIRCLE SURROUNDING THE DOOR.)

Out you come Doctor. Out you come.

33. *Int. Corridor in Tardis.*

(THE DOCTOR WALKING ALONG.
HE REACHES A DOOR AND OPENS IT.)

34. *Int. Tardis Main Control.*

(THE DOCTOR ENTERS FROM THE SIDE
DOOR.)

THE DOCTOR: Hello old girl! How've you
been keeping? Sorry I had to barge
in through the back door like that.
Have you any idea what it's like to
travel through the space time
vortex? Of course you do, you do it
all the time. But at least you're
built for it. Now. Let's see what's
happening outside shall we?

(HE OPENS THE SHUTTER SCREEN.

ON THE SCREEN HE SEES THE LINE OF
PRISONERS LINED UP IN FRONT OF THE
WOODEN DOOR.

THEY ALL HAVE THEIR BACKS TO THE
TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR LAUGHS TO HIMSELF.

THE DOCTOR, SING SONG, AS IN A
PANTOMIME:)

Look out behind you!

(HE PUTS THE HELMET ON.)

Now. Let's go and say hello.

(HE OPENS THE TARDIS DOORS.)

35. *Int. Carrier Ship Command Deck.*

(THE WOODEN DOOR OPENS AND K9
EMERGES.

HE ROLLS FORWARD AND STOPS.)

K9: Hostile force. My Master commands that you cease your activities immediately and surrender to him.

(SKAGRA LAUGHS.)

SKAGRA: He sends his dog out to me! Stop hiding in there Doctor. Come out and meet your fate.

(THE DOCTOR EMERGES FROM THE TARDIS BEHIND THEM, WEARING HIS HELMET.)

THE DOCTOR: Did someone call?

(SKAGRA AND THE OTHERS SPIN ROUND.)

SKAGRA: Doctor! How did you get in there?

THE DOCTOR: What do you mean how did I get in there? It's mine, I belong in there.

SKAGRA: As of now Doctor you don't belong anywhere at all. There is no place for you in my new Universe. You shall die now.

(SKAGRA LOOKS ROUND SHARPLY AT THE DOCTOR.

ALL THE PRISONERS LOOK ROUND AT THE DOCTOR IN UNISON WITH HIM.)

THE DOCTOR: Well Skagra, that's a very interesting theory. Let's try putting it to the test shall we?

(THE DOCTOR PRESSES A SMALL BUTTON ON HIS HELMET.

THEN HE LOOKS ROUND SHARPLY AT SKAGRA.

ALL THE PRISONERS ALSO LOOK ROUND
AT SKAGRA IN UNISON WITH HIM.

THE DOCTOR GRINS.)

SKAGRA: Doctor! What have you done!

(WITH INTENSE MENTAL EFFORT HE
TURNS THE PRISONERS' FACES BACK
TOWARDS THE DOCTOR.)

THE DOCTOR: No. What have you done?

You used your deranged billiard ball
once too often. You forgot, I have a
brain in there too. Don't I?

(HE TURNS THE LINE OF FACES BACK
TO SKAGRA.)

Think about it.

(SKAGRA IS STRAINING VERY HARD.
THE CRIMINALS AT HIS END OF THE
LINE TURN BACK TO FACE THE DOCTOR,
THE ONES IN THE MIDDLE GET
CONFUSED. THE ONES AT THE DOCTOR'S
END ARE FIRMLY UNDER HIS CONTROL.)

But not too hard old chap. You might
strain yourself.

(THEY ARE EFFECTIVELY PLAYING ARM
WRESTLING TOGETHER.)

So, what was that you've been talking
about, a new Universe, a new single
mind. I think your little bunch are
in two minds about that already,
aren't they?

(SUDDENLY SKAGRA CLICKS HIS
FINGERS, AND THE KRARG WHO HAS
BEEN WATCHING DUMBFOUNDED, SWINGS
INTO ACTION. IT MAKES STRAIGHT FOR
THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR REACTS IN ALARM. HIS CONCENTRATION GOES FOR A SECOND. ALL THE PRISONERS SWING ROUND TO FACE HIM AND START TO MOVE TOWARDS HIM WITH THE OFFER OF PHYSICAL VIOLENCE.

THE DOCTOR CONCENTRATES ON THEM AGAIN AND CHECKS THEIR PROGRESS, BUT HE HAS LOST THE ADVANTAGE.

THE KRARG BEARS DOWN ON HIM.

A MOMENT OF INDECISION FROM THE DOCTOR.)

K9!

K9: Master?

THE DOCTOR: Fire!

K9: But Master you instructions were ...

THE DOCTOR: Fire!

(K9 BLASTS AT THE KRARG, WHICH IS, INCIDENTALLY STANDING VERY NEAR THE DOOR TO THE KRARG GENERATION ANNEXE.

AS BEFORE THE KRARG IS PARALYSED, BUT BEGINS TO GROW IN STRENGTH AND HEAT.

A STALEMATE RATHER THAN A VICTORY FOR K9.)

Now play on Skagra! Let's see the quality of your mind.

(THE LINE OF PRISONERS HAS NOW SPLIT INTO TWO DISTINCT GROUPS, ONE FOR THE DOCTOR, ONE FOR SKAGRA.

THEY CLOSE WITH EACH OTHER AND
START TO WRESTLE IN A VERY
STYLISTED CHOREOGRAPHED WAY,
OBEYING MENTAL INSTRUCTIONS FROM
THEIR TWO LEADERS.

MEANWHILE, THE DOCTOR IS NERVOUSLY
EYEING THE KRARG, GAINING IN
STRENGTH.

AND BEGINNING TO MOVE AGAIN.

THE DOCTOR STARTS TO MOVE THE
FIELD OF PLAY IN SUCH A WAY THAT
SKAGRA AND HIS GROUP GET CLOSER
AND CLOSER TO THE KRARG.

THE DOCTOR PUSHES THEM CLOSER AND
CLOSER.

SKAGRA IS GETTING ALARMED ABOUT
THIS.)

THE DOCTOR: A little warm for the time
of year wouldn't you say Skagra? Off
K9!

(K9'S BEAM TURNS OFF. THE KRARG
CAN MOVE AGAIN PROPERLY.)

SKAGRA: (TO THE KRARG) Back! Back I
say!

(THE KRARG BACKS AWAY INTO THE
DOORWAY INTO THE KRARG GENERATION
CHAMBER.)

Back!

(THE KRARG RETREATS FURTHER INTO
THE GENERATION ANNEXE.

AT THAT MOMENT SEVERAL
REINFORCEMENT KRARGS ARRIVE ON THE
COMMAND DECK READY FOR A LITTLE
ACTION.)

THE DOCTOR: K9!

(K9 STARTS FIRING AT THEM WITH THE USUAL RESULTS.)

35a. *Int. Krarg Generation Annexe.*

(THE HOT KRARG FALLS BACKWARDS INTO ITS GENERATION VAT. WITH MUCH PYROTECHNICS IT DISSOLVES.)

35b. *Int. Krarg Carrier Ship. Command Deck.*

(SKAGRA AND DOCTOR STILL MIND WRESTLING WITH THE PRISONERS.

K9 IN A STALEMATE SITUATION WITH THE KRARGS, BUT HAVING A LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN TRYING TO COPE WITH SEVERAL AT ONCE.

SKAGRA FEELS HE IS GETTING THE UPPER HAND.

ROMANA COMES CAUTIOUSLY OUT OF THE DOOR.

SHE SEES THE KRARGS AND HAS AN IDEA.

AS THE BATTLE GOES ON SHE EDGES HER WAY TOWARDS THE KRARG GENERATION ANNEXE.)

35c. *Krarg Generation Annexe.*

(ROMANA ENTERS AND SEES THE KRARG IN THE FINAL THROES OF DISSOLVING. WHEN IT HAS GONE, SHE TIPS OVER

THE VAT OF HEAVY GAS, WHICH SHE THEN POURS OVER THE FLOOR AND INTO THE MAIN COMMAND DECK.

IF WE HAVE MORE VATS, THEN SHE TIPS THOSE OVER AS WELL, FAILING WHICH SHE CAN WRENCH A FEEDPIPE OUT OF THE ONE VAT AND POUR GAS OVER THE FLOOR FROM THAT.

THEN SHE PULLS A COUPLE OF WIRES OUT OF THE VAT AND TAKES THE TRAILING ENDS WITH HER OUT INTO THE COMMAND DECK.)

35d. Int. Krarg Carrier Ship. Command Deck.

(SKAGRA HAS TURNED THE TABLES ON THE DOCTOR, WHO IS BEING FORCED BACK TOWARDS THE GROUP OF BURNING KRARGS.

ROMANA EMERGES FROM THE ANNEXE TRAILING THE TWO WIRES.)

ROMANA: Clare! (SHE SHOUTS AGAIN)
Clare!

(CLARE EMERGES FROM THE WOODEN DOOR.

ROMANA GIVES HER ONE OF THE WIRES WHICH ARE OF NECESSITY PRETTY LONG)

WE SEE ROMANA GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO CLARE BUT OUR ATTENTION IS BACK WITH THE DOCTOR BEING FORCED TOWARDS THE KRARGS.)

THE DOCTOR: K9! Stop firing!

(K9 STOPS, AND THE KRARGS LUMBER INTO LIFE, APPROACHING THE DOCTOR. MEANWHILE ROMANA AND CLAIRE ARE NOW ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE ROOM WHICH IS NOW SWIMMING IN THE GREEN GAS.)

ROMANA: Now!

(THEY BOTH PLUNGE THE WIRES INTO THE GAS.

THE KRARGS START TO DISSOLVE.

SKAGRA IS APPALLED BY THIS AND LOSES ALL CONCENTRATION.

THE DOCTOR TURNS ALL THE PRISONERS IN A SOLID PHALANX AGAINST SKAGRA. HE TRIES TO RESIST, BUT HIS MIND IS VERY TIRED.

HE BACKS AWAY, FURTHER AND FURTHER. HE IS TRYING TO MUSTER HIS MENTAL CONTROL, BUT IT IS HAVING LITTLE EFFECT NOW.)

THE DOCTOR: Want to call half time Skagra? We can have a short break if you like, few slices of lemon, perk you up no end.

(SKAGRA GIVES UP THE UNEQUAL STRUGGLE. HE TURNS AND FLEES THROUGH THE DOOR, OUT INTO THE CORRIDORS.)

36. Krarg Carrier Ship. Corridors.

(SKAGRA IN FLIGHT.

HE REACHES AN AIRLOCK HATCHWAY.)

37. *Model Shot.*

(SKAGRA'S SHIP DOCKED ON THE SIDE
OF THE CARRIER.)

38. *Int. Skagra's Ship Corridor.*

(SKAGRA RUSHES IN.)

SKAGRA: Ship! Take off instantly!

Instantly do you hear?

(THE BLOCK OF LIGHT WE HAVE SEEN
BEFORE ENGULFS HIM. HE VANISHES.)

39. *Int. Skagra's Ship. The Brig.*

(SKAGRA MATERIALISES. HE STARTS
BEATING AT THE WALLS.)

SKAGRA: Ship! Let me out of here! I am
your Lord Skagra! Let me out! Take
off!

SHIP: I am afraid I can no longer
accept your orders. You are an enemy
of my Lord, the Doctor.

SKAGRA: I am your Lord, I built you!
Release me, I command you!

SHIP: Do you know the Doctor well? He
is a wonderful man. He has done the
most extraordinary things to my
circuitry.

SKAGRA: Release me!

SHIP: Truly wonderful. If you like I
will tell you all about him.

SKAGRA: Let me out!

40. *Int. Krarg Carrier Ship.*

(BCU CHRIS'S UNCONSCIOUS FACE,
CLARE BENDING OVER HIM)

CLARE: He'll be alright. How are the others?

(ROMANA HAS BEEN LOOKING AT SOME
OF THE OTHER PRISONERS, ALL OF
WHOM ARE NOW LYING UNCONSCIOUS.)

ROMANA: They're all in shock, but no serious damage. Though I hate to think what would have happened to them if the tug of war had carried on much longer.

(THE DOCTOR HAS ONE OR TWO
DISSECTED SPHERES LAID OUT IN
FRONT OF HIM.)

THE DOCTOR: They wouldn't have been the only ones in trouble. This is a fearful mess.

ROMANA: Can you unscramble them all?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. It'll take a few hours but they'll all get their own minds back.

ROMANA: What'll you do with them then?

THE DOCTOR: Take them back to Shada of course.

ROMANA: What, put them back in a forgotten prison?

THE DOCTOR: Let the time Lords sort it out. I'm not going to play judge and jury. It was only forgotten about because Salyavin made us forget. He didn't want his escape to be

discovered. That must be why he stole the book when he left Gallifrey.

ROMANA: And he called you to take it back because he thought he was near the end of his life. Do you suppose he is still alive?

THE DOCTOR: We'll find out. In Shada. Come on, I need your help with this.

TELECINE 1.

*Ext. Court of St. Cedd's College,
Cambridge.*

The PORTER and a POLICEMAN are walking urgently in the direction of the PROFESSOR's staircase.

POLICEMAN: Stolen a room?

PORTER: Yes, that's the only way I can describe it.

POLICEMAN: Yes, well you see in my experience people don't steal rooms very much. They steal *from* rooms, yes, but steal the rooms themselves very rarely. In fact I think never is probably the word I'm looking for here sir. I mean where's the advantage. Not much of a black market in rooms. Wouldn't get much for it.

PORTER: I know it's hard to believe officer, and it's very easy to be sarcastic ...

POLICEMAN: Sarcastic sir? Don't know

the word. Why don't you run over the salient points again?

PORTER: I just opened the door and there was nothing beyond it.

POLICEMAN: Nothing at all sir?

PORTER: Nothing. Just a sort of blue haze.

POLICEMAN: Ah, well, the blue haze you see sir might be the vital clue we are searching for.

PORTER: I was not drinking.

END TELECINE 1.

41. Int. Door Outside Chronotis' Room.

(PORTER AND POLICEMAN STANDING OUTSIDE IT.)

POLICEMAN: And this is the famous door is it sir?

PORTER: Yes.

POLICEMAN: Behind which you saw the blue haze.

PORTER: (STRUGGLING TO REMAIN POLITE) Yes.

(THE POLICEMAN KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.)

PROFESSOR: (OFF) Come in.

(THE POLICEMAN OPENS THE DOOR.

INSIDE IS THE ROOM AS IT WAS ORIGINALLY.)

POLICEMAN: Well sir, whoever stole it seems to have brought it back, don't they?

42. *Int. Professor Chronotis' Room.*

(THE PROFESSOR JUST CARRYING IN A TRAYFUL OF TEA.

THE DOCTOR, ROMANA, CHRIS AND CLARE, SITTING ABOUT.)

PROFESSOR: Hello? Can I help you?

POLICEMAN: Just a routine inquiry sir.
Report that this room had been stolen.

(PORTER LOOKS EMBARRASSED.)

PROFESSOR: Stolen? I don't think so officer. (TO CHRIS) Here you are, a cup of tea and some aspirins.

POLICEMAN: Aspirin?

CHRIS: Headache.

POLICEMAN: Bad night sir?

CHRIS: Er, yes.

POLICEMAN: (POINTEDLY TO THE PORTER)
Lot of celebrating going on in college last night was there?

PORTER: Nothing out of the ordinary.

POLICEMAN: Just the normal high jinks that would be then, sir, would it? Students roaming the streets stealing bollards and policemen's helmets and ...

(THE POLICEMAN SEES THE TARDIS PARKED IN THE CORNER.)

Might I ask you where you got that sir?

(THE DOCTOR LEAPS UP.)

THE DOCTOR: Well, Professor, this is

all very pleasant, but I think it's time Romana and I were on our way. Goodbye Chris, goodbye Clare, goodbye Professor, don't worry, your secret's safe with us.

POLICEMAN: Secret sir? What secret would this be? What's the police-box doing here?

THE DOCTOR: Come on Romana.

(THEY ENTER THE TARDIS.)

ROMANA: Goodbye everybody.

POLICEMAN: Excuse me Miss ...

(THE DOOR CLOSES.

THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

POLICEMAN AND PORTER BOGGLE.)

PROFESSOR: Cup of tea, gentlemen?

POLICEMAN: What happened to that police-box?

PROFESSOR: Er, what police-box would that be officer?

43. *Int. Tardis.*

(THE DOCTOR AT THE CONTROLS.)

ROMANA: How did Skagra manage to find out so much about the Time Lords? Where was he from?

K9: My metabolic analysis reveals that he was from the planet Drornid, Mistress.

THE DOCTOR: Ah. There's your answer. Remember your history. There was a schism in the College of Cardinals,

the rival President set up shop on Drornid. They forced him to come back by totally ignoring him.

ROMANA: And the Professor was the great Salyavin. It seems hard to believe, he's such a nice old man. I wonder if the stories of Salyavin were exaggerated?

THE DOCTOR: More than likely. The Time Lords over react to everything. Look at the way they treat me. I expect that one day, in a few hundred years time, someone will meet me and say 'is that really the Doctor? How strange. He seems such a nice old man.'

(HE PULLS THE RANDOMISER.)

SUPOSE CAM: *Roll*

End

Credits

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